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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 329
KING CANUTE AND MR. ACHESON . . . 332
IN MOSCOW'S VIEW 332
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 333
ROMMEL RIDES AGAIN. By Sagittarius . . 334
THIS ENGLAND 334
COSTLY MEDICINES 334
REACTION IN FRANCE. By Alexander Werth . 335
COSH. By Reginald Clarke 336
THE RAIN AND MR. MCNEIL. By Neil McCallum 337
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus . . . 337
THE PLAY OF IDEAS. By Benn W. Levy . . 338
PINK PILLS. By Reginald Reynolds . . . 338
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
London or Paris. By Patrick Heron . . 339
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 339
Radio Notes. By William Salter . . . 339
CORRESPONDENCE 342
From Tony Gibson; Stanley Unwin; Spencer Soper; John Lawrence; Prof. G. D. H. Cole; D. N. Pritt, K.C.; R. C. Churchill; and Edmund Morgan.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . Page 344
THE CONVERSING MIRRORS. By James Kirkup 345
REVIEWS:
The Modern Scholasticism. By Leonard Woolf 345
"A. J." By Ralph Partridge 345
New Novels. By J. D. Scott . . . 346
Adventure Story. By Basil Davidson . . 348
To the South. By Naomi Lewis . . . 350
Franchise of the Air. By Aylmer Vallance . 350
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 352
CHESS. By Assiac 353

The Shape of the Budget

VERY soon the Chancellor will begin his secret consultations about the details of this year's Budget. No doubt he will have some surprises to spring, when he makes his speech; but the new style of economic planning has narrowed the possibilities of a Budget sensation. The Government is already committed by the Estimates to an expenditure next year of nearly £3,000 millions, apart from £500 millions of debt charges and certain items of capital expenditure. The Tories, who claim that it is impossible for a country to be prosperous in which the Government spends 40 per cent. of the national income, know in advance that they can expect no substantial tax alleviation. In this respect they have no grievance, since they themselves have accepted the necessity for each of the separate items of the Welfare State, as well as the £780 millions for Defence.

Next week the margin of manœuvre will be still further narrowed by the publication of the *Economic Survey*. Unless the Government is prepared to disregard the findings of its own planners, this "situation report" must determine both the scale of the capital investment programme and the general character of the Budget. The crucial figure in the *Survey* is the increase of the national income predicted for the next twelve months. If the planners anticipate that this increase will be large, that is a clear hint that the Chancellor in his Budget will release more purchasing power by relaxing his programme of austerity. If, on the other hand, they prophesy that the curve of productivity is going to fall sharply, we can be sure that the Treasury has made up its mind in favour of a deflationary Budget and fiscal austerity. If finally, as is most probable on this occasion, the planners predict a modest increase, the conclusion can be drawn that, though the Chancellor still sees a danger of inflation, he regards the demands for drastic deflation as exaggerated. In that case, he is almost certainly considering a balanced Budget and the use of any surplus which may be in sight for "incentive" tax concessions. The Budget, in fact, has become merely the fiscal complement of a policy already determined by the implications of the *Economic Survey*.

One fact which must alarm Government supporters is the way that the planners have consistently underestimated the annual increase in the national income since the *Economic Survey* was instituted in 1947. Last year, for instance, they predicted a 2½ per cent. rise in productivity, whereas the figure achieved was nearer 5 per cent. On the basis of their prediction, the Chancellor has been compelled to concentrate on the battle against inflation by cutting back capital expenditure and taxing away excessive purchasing power. If the planners repeat their miscalculation this year, they will render very difficult the restoration of the housing cuts and the tax remissions for the lower income group which, in our view, are fully justified by the productive efforts of the nation under full employment.

To surrender to the demands for deflation in the coming Budget—or even to compromise with them—would probably mean not only the loss of the next election but the end of any wage restraint on the part of the trade unions. There are many indications that purchasing power, especially of the lower paid workers, has been driven down to a dangerously low level. To moderate the next round of wage demands, in a period when devaluation is bound to increase the cost of living, the Chancellor must grant substantial reductions in purchase tax on essential articles and increase the allowances on earned income. Indeed, to retain the confidence of the trade unions, the Chancellor must make these concessions even if it involves increasing his revenue from other sources by stepping up the rates of Estate duty, surtax and profits tax. To-day, a continuation of the redistribution of the national income by means of a Socialist fiscal policy is as essential to the maintenance of full employment as the restoration of the housing cuts.

The choice, therefore, which faces Sir Stafford Cripps is clear. A Budget which goes some way to meeting the Tory demands for deflation—even if it cannot satisfy Lord Woolton by reducing the overall burden of taxation—might be non-controversial in the House of Commons. But it would certainly jeopardise the relations between the Cabinet and the Labour movement and so induce the inflationary spiral which it was intended to curb. On the other hand, the sort of Budget which Socialist economics logically require would be a slap in the face for the Opposition and would probably precipitate a summer election. There could be no better issue on which to fight.

To the Bitter End

King Leopold seems determined to fight to the end for his throne. Nearly two weeks after the *consultation nationale* he shows no sign of taking the sensible course and abdicating in favour of his son. In the course of the discussions at Pregny the Prime Minister, M. Eyskens, seems to have warned the King of the danger of insisting upon his return as monarch of a bitterly divided nation. But the King's personal advisers, supported by the intransigent wing of the Social Christian Party, as personified by M. Van Zeeland, managed to secure last week's compromise proposal to call a joint session of House and Senate—the only way the Social Christian Party would have a majority—to vote for or against the recall of Leopold.

It was this proposal that wrecked the Liberal-Social Christian Coalition, for the Liberal members of the Cabinet refused to call such a joint session and resigned. In the last few days, the Liberals seem to have become more resolutely opposed to Leopold: if they can hold their few pro-Leopold members in line, then neither M. Eyskens nor any other Social Christian leader can form a government with a majority in the House.

This seems to suggest that there may be another election, in which the Social Christians will try to win an outright majority. But there can be few things more damaging to the Belgian monarchy than yet another electoral contest in which the King himself figures as the real leader of one party, and of one half of the nation. Nothing would demonstrate more clearly his unfitness to rule as a constitutional monarch.

It is not only on the parliamentary level that the King's partisans are challenged. The wave of strikes, not only in the industrial districts of Wallonia but also in Antwerp, testify to the feeling of the organised workers. These stoppages were only a trial of strength. An official call for a general strike would probably paralyse the country.

Storm Signals in Italy

We commented in our last issue on the repressive use which an aggressively conservative government in France might make of the anti-strike law with which M. Bidault has now armed himself. Since then the Italian Parliament has passed measures for the maintenance of "law and order" that provide an already powerful and overweening police force with alarmingly wide prerogatives, and in protest against which the trade unions called a 12-hour general strike on Wednesday. The numbers of armed police are to be restored to the high level of April, 1948—the feverpoint marked by the last general election; trade union meetings are prohibited inside factories without the permission of the owners and the police; and the sale of newspapers by itinerant vendors is forbidden. While aimed ostensibly both at the neo-Fascist *Movimento Sociale* and the Socialists and Communists, these measures are of course extremely one-sided. The neo-Fascists are no more than noisy groups of tycoon-paid toughs and silly young men; they have no more nuisance value in Italy than the Mosleyites in this country, and they are of absolutely no influence in the trade union movement. But restrictions on public meetings and the sale of literature such as are now in force constitute a means of gagging the Left which is bound to have deep repercussions on democracy in Italy.

A German Army?

Chancellor Adenauer and his colleagues lose no chance of reminding the Western Powers that the rearmament of Germany—or, for the time being, of Western Germany—is a logical extension from the Atlantic Pact and a potential gambit in the cold war. Last winter, when the idea of forming a multi-national fighting force in Western Europe came under some discussion, the irrepressible Chancellor at once—and against the declared advice of the three High Commissioners—spoke up for the inclusion in this force of German units. How otherwise, he asked, could the Federal Republic feel safe? This week he has taken another bite at the apple. Now he is frankly and unashamedly alarmist. The discretion even of a few months ago is gone. "I doubt," he said, "whether the Russians are so convinced of American rearmament that they believe a war would not be profitable for Russia."

Dr. Adenauer is now asking for a Franco-German economic union—no doubt an excellent notion in itself but all too transparently, this time, the means of giving a conservative and nationalist Western Germany the equality in Western Europe it so greatly covets. The Chancellor's arguments lead in any case to strange conclusions. Does he really think that any prospective German army would stop a Russian drive across the Elbe? He has, apparently, forgotten the fate of the *Wehrmacht*. If he has not, then why should he want German rearmament—if not eventually to use it as a means, in one way or another, of realising his declared "territorial aspirations," east of the present frontier with Poland?

Smearing the State Department

The purpose of the Senate investigation into alleged penetration of the State Department by Communists, instigated by Senator McCarthy, is to attack Secretary Dean Acheson by implying that he has been culpably negligent in maintaining American security. Senator McCarthy has been riding this horse for some time but, so far, has produced no substantial evidence. All he has succeeded in doing is to allege that three people associated with the State Department have also been associated with "front" organisations of the C.P. Of these, Miss Kenyon has satisfied the Committee of her loyalty; Philip Jessup, the U.S. Ambassador-at-Large and specialist on the Far East, has told the Committee that the Senator's "insinuations" are "utterly irresponsible" and made for partisan political purposes; and the third, John Service, has returned from India to face the Committee.

But this has not deterred Senator McCarthy. It is deliberate Republican strategy to present the Administration as "soft" towards Communism at home and abroad, and the G.O.P. has been making as much capital as it can from the Hiss case, and from Dean Acheson's refusal to "turn his back" on Alger Hiss. In the coming election campaign, this is obviously going to be one of the main lines of the Republican attack.

Much more serious issues are raised by a Bill which is now before Congress, establishing a National Science Foundation. Its purpose is to set up a central bureau for scientists employed by the U.S. Government. But two amendments introduce an entirely new principle. The first, sponsored by Representative Smith, requires that everyone working for this Foundation or in receipt of a scholarship from it will need a special inquiry by the F.B.I. and a report that he has had no contact with any of the long list of "subversive" organisations. The second, proposed by Representative Flood, institutes a similar check on any alien working or corresponding with the Foundation. The dangers in a system where the security police are given the final say in employment, without right of appeal by the suspected, are so obvious that the sensible thing for the Senate to do is to strike out these amendments, which neither the Department of Justice nor its F.B.I. want anyway.

The Warning of Saigon

The arrival of two American destroyers on the Saigon River last week was greeted, as anyone could have foretold, by hostile demonstrations. American policy in Asia to-day is now so unpopular that the arrival of their fleet or of military supplies is unlikely to be welcome in any part of East Asia except the island of Formosa, where Chiang Kai-shek and his rump Cabinet plan the bombing of Chinese cities with American planes and openly discuss the role they anticipate as an ally of the United States in a war against the combined forces of the People's Republic of China and the Soviet Union. The Vietnamese, warned of American plans to support Bao Dai in a desperate effort to hold Cochin-China, which they now believe to be the only potential military and naval base on the mainland of Asia, naturally oppose such plans. For the past four years their resistance has defeated the efforts of 150,000 French troops to reoccupy the country, and American support for Bao Dai, as in the case of Chiang Kai-shek, will chiefly have the effect of increasing their determination to fight for the independence of their country. The arrival of American destroyers, therefore, provoked four thousand students and workers to march to the quay and organise hostile demonstrations. The Viet-Minh wireless ordered their followers to increase "patriotic activities" during the American naval visit, and their forces opened fire across the river, and then seized the market square until police closed in on them. The two Vietnamese students and a child, killed in the rioting, are likely to become a symbol of Vietnamese resistance.

Finnish Manoeuvres

The paradox of Finnish politics grows broader. Although belonging, both by alliance with the Soviet Union and by geography, rather to Eastern Europe than to Scandinavia, Finland since last week has a Government in which the Conservative parties (but not all of them) are alone represented.

After the resignation of the Social Demo-

cratic Government of Mr. Fagerholm and the re-election of President Paasikivi, the President invited Mr. Kekkonen, the Agrarian leader, to form an all-party Government which should include the Communists. It was apparently felt that a gesture of friendship towards the Soviet Union was called for after the great dissatisfaction which Moscow had expressed with Mr. Fagerholm. The Social Democrats, however, hoped meanwhile to persuade the Agrarians to enter a two-party coalition with themselves, thus excluding both the Communists and the more extreme Conservatives. The Agrarians, who nurse a long-standing dislike for, and sense of rivalry with, the Social Democrats, rejected this. Thereupon the Social Democrats, rather than enter a broad coalition which should include the Communists, declared that they could not possibly serve under Mr. Kekkonen.

Since the Agrarians were not prepared to govern with the Communists but without the Social Democrats, Mr. Kekkonen was left to patch up as moderate a coalition as he could from the remaining parties. In the event he has secured the participation of the Swedish Party and of some Liberals. This gives him only 75 seats out of 200 in the Assembly. He is a notably tough parliamentarian with a good liberal record—as Minister of Justice in 1938 he took strong measures against the Finnish Nazis—but he is now being attacked both from Left and Right, and must obviously expect a difficult passage.

The E.P.U. Problem

The argument about British participation in the proposed European Payments Union still goes on. The British Government has now submitted to O.E.E.C. a memorandum setting forth its point of view. Sterling, the British memorandum points out, is already a currency of very wide international use, and more than one-third of total world trade is carried on in it. It would be folly, in an attempt to liberalise currency conditions in Western Europe and so facilitate mutual O.E.E.C. trade, to jeopardise the position of sterling in the world as a whole by opening a gap through which additional claims for gold or dollars could be made on the sterling area. This, however, would be the effect of making Great Britain, which holds the reserves for all the sterling countries, merely a member of a European Payments Union that would be competitive with the sterling area in its demand for dollars. The difficulty arises partly out of the fact that many countries hold sterling, not only as a result of sales of goods or services to the sterling countries, but also as reserves against their own currencies. There is accordingly a potentially unlimited demand to change sterling into gold or dollars in order to meet dollar deficits or to build up gold reserves; and the sterling area's supplies of gold and dollars cannot stand such a strain.

Sterling Internationalism

This does not mean that Great Britain is reluctant to join E.P.U., provided that joining can be reconciled with the British obligation to guard the sterling area's reserves. But it must be recognised that the pound sterling, unlike the French or Belgian franc or any other West European currency, is essentially an international means of payment and cannot be made fully convertible with the purely national currencies of Continental Western Europe until means have been found of overcoming the world shortage of dollars. If, in establishing what would be in effect—until it broke down—a common currency for Western Europe, the proponents of the E.P.U. plan were to bring about a collapse of sterling in relation to the dollar, far from furthering the restoration of multilateralism and convertibility, they would only be laying the train for a crisis that would end up in a national *sauve qui peut*, with each country fighting for its own solvency against all the rest. They would also be opening the road to a new speculative campaign against sterling that might force on a further devaluation quite unjustified by relative costs and prices in America and in Europe. When the world's mutual trading relations are near equilibrium, relative currency values bear some relation to costs of production in the various countries. Where one country's money is desperately scarce because of unbalanced trade relations, there is no limit at all to possible movements of exchange rates in the absence of effective controls. Sterling is under severe pressure already, because of the accumulated balances due to India and to other countries on war account. It is in no condition to stand an additional drain from the uncontrolled economies of Europe.

Meeting the Railway Deficit

The Transport Tribunal's report on the Transport Commission's application for an increase in rail freight charges has fully endorsed the view that a deficiency of about £30 millions on the railways is to be expected not only in 1950, but in the next two years as well. It is true that the Tribunal comments on the estimated savings in railway expenditure as "disappointingly small"; but in doing this it takes no account of the strong probability that something will have to be done very soon to meet the railwaymen's claim for higher wages, at any rate for the worst-paid groups. Such increases would much more than swallow up any possible economies in other working costs. Plans for co-ordination of charges between road and rail cannot bring any relief until 1952 at soonest, and it would be unwise to count these chickens so far ahead of their hoped for arrival. Admittedly, higher rail charges will be bound to react on costs of production in many industries, and thus on prices; but it would surely be unwise to leave the railways to finance their accumulating deficits by borrowings to be repaid out of receipts in subsequent years. Either the proposed rate increases must be substantial, or the Government must for the time being take over the deficit and pay for it out of general taxation. The Chancellor will be reluctant to assume the burden; and, if he refuses, no real alternative to the proposed rate increases is left. While the Government meditates this dilemma, the N.U.R. is taking its rejected wage-claim to the Staff Tribunal and, on behalf of the Transport Commission, Sir Cyril Hurcomb is reminding the public of the large capital expenditures that are needed in order to bring the British railway system tolerably up to date.

PARLIAMENT: Crime and Punishment

Wednesday.

THERE are over 800 members of the Lords. At least eighty of them turned up to talk about violent crime. But the sensation-seekers were disappointed. After all, the facts are that the 1938 Cadogan Committee dispassionately examined all the evidence on flogging and unanimously recommended its abolition. The cat and the birch, they found, were neither efficient deterrents nor civilised penalties. However, the judicial power to order whipping continued till 1948, as did the increase in crimes of violence. But it happens to be a fact that, although the problem, especially of juvenile delinquency, remains very serious, the numbers of indictable offences and crimes formerly punishable with flogging declined in 1949—the first full year after abolition. With noble solemnity, the Lord Chancellor pronounced the verdict: no case had been made out for amending the Criminal Justice Act.

But His Majesty's Judges do not always argue from facts. They argue from feelings. "Markedly consistent" in their attitude, as *The Times* said, they demand victims' vengeance and the salutary effect of a sound thrashing; a lash for a cosh. Lord Oaksey, speaking for the Bench, wanted brutal punishments for brutal crimes, but why did he drop the demand for the cat? Faced with opposition from an Archbishop and two former Home Secretaries, the Judges apparently compromised in favour of the birch. From public school days, they have believed in the sharp corrective, and Lord Llewellin presented the rod as more humane than the long sentence. Fortified by statistics, Mr. Ede is as firm for principle in this matter as his colleagues are for expediency in their dealings with Seretse.

While the Lords prepared for two days on crime, the Commons spent a day on defence. Time was when Service debates were regarded as Tory field days, but in 1945 the new intake of Labour Members made a difference. Although Mr. Churchill claimed credit later on, it was, in fact, Labour backbenchers who, in the two years after the war, agitated for and extracted more information on defence matters, by harassing successive War Ministers, probing the Votes, and generally livening up the debates. In 1950 the atmosphere is anything but lively. Party loyalty, appointments, exclusions, and lack of interest have taken their toll, whilst the ranks of "the brigadiers opposite" have been reinforced.

We welcome the purge of "untrustworthy elements," said Mr. Churchill—but the ghost of Zilliacus still walks in Emrys Hughes, whom everyone likes but no one takes seriously. Is it healthy that heresy should be so submerged? Crossman challenged someone to say how to cut commitments, but there was no reply. Assumptions about the cold war went unquestioned and few Members attempted realistically to square Mr. Bevin's commitments with Mr. Bevan's. Shinwell was allowed to go on regarding the future of conscription as "hypothetical," while Strachey let slip that the idea of universal service *may* still be very valuable.

The Tory backbenchers, who demand more expenditure on each item that comes up, said what they always say. We must have more colonial manpower to make up for the loss of India—but where to employ it? There is a welter of disagreement. Let us have more pay for Regulars, for patriotism under a Labour Government is not enough. The Tories get angry if it's suggested that unemployment was the recruiting sergeant in days past. This is merely stupid. Full employment is the best argument for an increase in Service pay.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

King Canute and Mr. Acheson

MR. ACHESON is an able man who takes the eccentric view that it is not the duty of a Christian to kick his friend even when he is down. Here are at least two reasons why Senator McCarthy and the pack of wolves who hunt with him should pursue the Secretary of State with such peculiar venom. One result of their determination to drive him into obscurity or to suicide is that he is compelled to make speeches in which the sense that he desires to convey can only be distinguished with difficulty beneath the vague but strong-smelling rubbish spread over it to put the hounds off the scent.

Only a few informed people will have been aware when they read the Secretary's speech on China that the experienced group of experts who advise the State Department on Far Eastern affairs were almost unanimously in favour of America recognising Communist China, and that Britain herself took this step with the good will and agreement of the State Department. The same inside public also knows that Mr. Acheson was able by sheer force of argument to demonstrate the folly of supporting Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa, and that the State Department, against the great weight of technical advice, decided to aid France in Viet-Nam because the hunt, checked in Formosa, was not a second time to be cheated of blood.

Mr. Acheson's recent speeches are therefore to be compared with the commands of King Canute, who knew well enough that the waves would not yield either to commands or to armed force, but who had to resort to a practical demonstration in order to convince his foolish entourage. After all, the facts are published in the American White Paper on China, which shows clearly enough that Communism has not been forced upon China by the Soviet Union. Stalin's treaty of 1945 with Chiang Kai-shek won everything that Russia claimed in the Far East, and his promise to treat Chiang Kai-shek as the sole authority in China was strictly observed. That the 1945 treaty did not last was due to the unexampled corruption of the Kuomintang and the support which the United States gave to Chiang Kai-shek. According to the official report, at least 75 per cent of the three billion dollars' worth of supplies, sent by America to the Kuomintang, were either sold or surrendered to the Communists who used them to drive both the Kuomintang and the Americans into the sea. There is evidence that this result of American intervention took Stalin as well as Chiang Kai-shek by surprise; there seems little doubt that the speed of Communist advance astonished Mao Tse-tung himself. Yet Mr. Acheson, who knows these facts better than anyone, said, in an effort to placate public opinion, that "the present unhappy status of the Chinese people within the orbit of the Soviet Union was not the result of choice on their part but had been forced upon them." He then felt impelled to add that the true friends of liberty in China were still the Americans—at a moment when American bombers are being used by Chiang Kai-shek to kill thousands of unoffending Chinese in the crowded streets of Shanghai and Canton.

The one statement on which every observer who has recently returned from China agrees is that, for the time being at least, the Chinese people are almost unanimous in regarding Americans as their enemies and Russians, who have so far played their cards most astutely, as their friends. We have seen many letters and reports from the Chinese and from British visitors to China; if we make full allowance for the enthusiasm that naturally accompanies peace and the hope of stable government, there remains not the remotest doubt that the popular sentiment of China to-day is one of rejoicing. The Chinese do not want aid from America if, as Chou en-lai says, it is linked with death and destruction. They hope their struggle for liberation from Imperialism is over and that they have seen the last of the most corrupt government even recorded in the long annals of China.

The tide of revolution is flooding over Asia. Mr. Acheson must have smiled wryly to himself when he solemnly warned the Chinese of the dangers of foreign aggression. What do such phrases mean? There are ten million Chinese outside China. They are an able, industrious and not usually revolutionary people. But in Burma, Siam, Malaya, the Philippines and Indonesia they are declaring their support for the new regime in China, not because it is Communist but because it spells for them the rebirth of their country. If the Chinese in Bangkok, for instance, take over the Government of Siam—a not impossible occurrence—will Mr. Acheson's words be interpreted as committing the United States to making war on Siam as well as on Viet-Nam? We sympathise with Mr. Acheson in his attempt to talk about realities, but his efforts must remain useless unless he can find a way of persuading Senators that Communism is not merely a Moscow plot, but a revolutionary movement which carries along with it the nationally oppressed and the socially under-privileged. Most of all, it appeals to coloured people who see ahead the dawn of an age in which they will be able to stand on their own feet, social equals of the White man.

If Mr. Acheson had been able to explain these elementary facts to the American public he might also have been able to persuade Senators that it would be good American policy to recognise China. The United States desires trade with China. Yet all Mr. Acheson could say was that the "United States was willing to continue trade with China" if certain standards were observed, including "the honouring of contracts"—a virtue for which the Chinese have for centuries been praised by all who have dealt with them. This to a people as sensitive to patronage as the Chinese, who, with 4,000 years of civilisation behind them, treat America at best with only a polite condescension! Mr. Acheson might further have explained that the new China has long planned a great programme of industrial development and, until lately, has expected to look to the West for technical and financial assistance. To-day, in view of the attitude of the United States, it seems likely that Communist China will look mainly to the Soviet Union and to Czechoslovakia, whose industrial experts are this week visiting Pekin.

Nor is this the only practical issue that hangs on the recognition of Communist China. As long as China is represented in the United Nations by a delegate of the old Nationalist China, no serious work of any kind can be carried on there. The Russian delegate has now walked out of fifteen Committees in protest at this anomaly, and Mr. Bevin, representing a Government which has recognised the new China, is very properly seeking the necessary support to vote the Nationalist delegate out and the Communist delegate in. Amongst other absurdities of non-recognition there is the difficulty that it prevents any Peace Treaty in the Far East, since both China and Russia are intimately concerned with any Japanese treaty.

When the treaty between Russia and China was completed last month in Moscow this journal suggested that we must look forward to a great extension of Japanese trade with Communist China, and, failing a general Peace Treaty with Japan, to a separate treaty between Moscow, Tokio and Pekin. These forecasts are being fulfilled more promptly than we expected. America, which does not wish permanently to bear the cost of a dependent Japan, has now agreed to a restoration of Japan's pre-war trade with China—especially with Manchuria. Meanwhile, in the Japanese Diet, it last week came to light that Russia is offering Japan a Peace Treaty which includes the return of the Kurile Islands to Japan. Japanese Communists have lost no time in comparing this apparently generous gesture with America's preoccupation with strategic bases on Japanese territory; the lesson indeed is one that every Japanese, Nationalist or Communist, will immediately appreciate. Mr. Acheson must be uneasily aware that if Japan as well as China looks to Soviet Russia, and not to America, for trade and friendship, then America has no real hold left in Asia. What does Mr. Acheson mean by "situations of strength" from which to treat with Russia? Without popular support no situations of strength can exist, except of course in the sense of isolated bombing bases. Wars may be made from bombing bases, but peace cannot be won from them.

In Moscow's View

LIKE Mr. Acheson, but three days before him, Mr. Molotov has just made a big speech. All the more importance may be attached to what he said in that the occasion, an eve of the poll meeting in Moscow, was one when Mr. Stalin has usually taken the stand. Even so, his remarks were almost totally ignored by the British Press. Yet the speech was full of meat. It gave no detailed advice to others in the manner of Mr. Acheson; it opened no new doors and closed no old ones; it dwelt for the most part on the situation of the Soviet Union, both internally and in relation to the rest of the world; and yet it contained a good deal of guidance on the present frame of mind of the Soviet leaders. Some of its passages are well worth considering in the general framework of Mr. Acheson's recent utterances.

Mr. Molotov showed a typical preoccupation with the development of the Soviet economy. Much of his speech was given to that. There

runs through these passages a sense of tremendous achievement in recovery from the German invasion and the war. All "basic branches" of the Soviet economy, he said, have now surpassed the level of production in 1940.

> In agriculture the pre-war level of gross output was exceeded last year. In the year just ended the total crop of grain, cotton, flax, sunflower seed and potatoes, and socially owned herds of live stock on collective farms, such as cattle, sheep and hogs, were larger than in the best pre-war year. The grain problem has now been solved . . . Fulfilment of the three-year plan of live stock development, which was adopted last year, will lead to such an increase in the production of meat, butter, eggs, milk, and other dairy and meat products, as to make it possible for us to secure an increase in the supply to the population, in 1951, of at least 50 per cent. as compared with 1948. . . . In 1949 agriculture received from three to four times more tractors, motor vehicles, and agricultural machines, than in the pre-war years.

There was the same expanding prospect in other fields. In industry the Soviet Union had reached and surpassed the pre-war level as early as 1948.

> In 1949 the pre-war level was exceeded by 41 per cent. which is close to the 48 per cent. envisaged for the last year of the Five-Year Plan. In the fourth quarter of last year our industry surpassed even the level which had been set for the fifth year of the Five-Year Plan, that is, for the current year.

Between 1945 and 1949 as many as 5,200 State industrial enterprises, not counting small ones, had been built, restored, or put into operation; and these now employed about 1,500,000 people. The volume of capital construction in industry in 1949 had been almost twice as great as the volume of capital construction in the best pre-war year. Collaboration between science and industry was growing. So were personal incomes.

> It is now known that the incomes of factory and office workers in 1949 were 24 per cent. higher than in 1940. Peasant incomes increased during the same period by more than 30 per cent. All in all the national income of the U.S.S.R. in 1949 was 36 per cent. higher than in 1940. With the new price reduction for consumer goods, carried out on March 1st, there will be an additional substantial increase in the real wages of factory and office workers and a new and substantial reduction in the amount the peasants will have to pay for manufactured goods.

The losses from invasion and war being thus made good, there is now room, he suggested, for thoughts of comfort and social convenience.

> We now have greater opportunities of tackling the solution of such important questions as housing construction . . . We have a powerful industry capable of satisfying the population's growing needs for goods. At the same time, our industry is producing all types of machines, high-precision instruments and technical innovations of every kind . . . We are introducing new equipment in an organised way in all branches of the national economy, especially in such fields as coal mines, the handling of freight and cargoes, in construction, lumbering, and so on.

There was more skilled leadership available. "The total number of specialists with college and technical school diplomas at work in the national economy to-day is about 70 per cent. higher than in the pre-war year of 1940 . . . Consequently we now have opportunities to improve economic and technical leadership which we did not have before the war." Some foreign—and formerly allied—statesmen had made their plans "on the expectation that, as a result of enemy occupation and the terrible hardships that had befallen our people, the Soviet Union would be robbed of its vitality and that then the imperialists would be able to dictate their will to the Soviet Union." They had been too short-sighted.

After the reasons for confidence at home, the reasons for confidence abroad. Here the catalogue of "new facts" is familiar: the new allies in Eastern Europe—but not forgetting "the vile treachery of the Tito clique," whose exposure, however, was "a fact of great positive significance"; the formation of "the German Democratic Republic with its capital in Berlin," which "marks a new page not only in the history of Germany but in the history of Europe as well"; in the Far East the formation of the Korean People's Republic, of the Democratic Viet-Nam Republic, and "the triumph of the national liberation movement in China"—after which "the treaty of fraternal alliance between the U.S.S.R. and the People's Republic of China, concluded in February, transformed Soviet-Chinese friendship into a great and mighty force for consolidating universal peace such as has no equal and has never had an equal in human history." All this made of the "camp of peace, democracy, and Socialism," Mr. Molotov concluded cautiously, "a most formidable force."

And the other "camp"? After a warning that imperialism was engaged "in reckless preparations of new and even more criminal acts of aggression," Mr. Molotov then drew a comparison which seems based on an unsound picture of the American economy, but which he clearly regards as of primary importance.

> Everyone knows from the published data that in the past few years American industry has been working at a level below that of the pre-war years. It is also well known that in October, 1949, when industrial output had fallen particularly low, the level of American industry was 22 per cent below the October, 1948, figures. This happened at the very time when the level of Soviet industry for 1949 had risen by 20 per cent. . . .

This trend, he thought, would continue to the advantage of the Soviet Union.

> In these circumstances it is understandable that the Soviet Union and the countries of people's democracy are in favour of peaceful competition between the Socialist and capitalist systems, whereas in the camp of imperialism there reigns a spirit of gloomy uncertainty and belligerent adventurers . . . Yesterday all kinds of blackmailers from that camp threatened us with the atom bomb. To-day they threaten us with the so-called "hydrogen bomb" which does not yet even exist. They should not boast so much . . .

It will be rash for Western statesmen to dismiss these remarks as so much propaganda. They are far too substantial. At least three major pointers to Moscow's thought would seem to emerge: first, the belief that world trends of economic development will eventually solve the question of "who conquers whom" in favour of Socialism against capitalism; secondly, that the two systems can meanwhile co-exist unless capitalism turns in desperation to war; and, thirdly, that the Soviet leaders feel strong enough to face the prospect of such a war rather than give way to pressure.

London Diary

A LEADING French intellectual, who was here this week, said in round terms that if Britain and America were really going to rearm Germany it would be impossible for any self-respecting Frenchmen to support the Atlantic Pact. In France, the Communist Party would become "the only national party"! It is only in countries like Britain and America, which were not occupied by Germany during the war, that this reaction will seem surprising. Yet Mr. Churchill, in demanding a German contribution to the effective defence of Europe, was blurting out a view which Field-Marshal Montgomery recently expressed in a much publicised off-the-record press conference in the United States. Churchill seems not to have warned members of his own Party that he was going to spill these beans If he had, they might have recalled that only last year he declared:—

> I am strongly in favour of the enforcement of the disarmament of Germany. I have never said anything to the contrary. The Honourable Member is now trying to fasten on me a whole lot of ideas which I have never harboured.

Just why Mr. Macmillan was so angry I could not see, but that he was angry seems clear from the fact that he accused Mr. Crossman, who happened to have been on his own staff for a year during the war, of not having fought. When Tories get angry they say "Yah! You didn't fight in the war!" just as Labour supporters, when at a loss for a reply, used to shout "Capitalist!"

* * *

Maurice Webb is reported to be toying with the idea of a "two-tier" scheme of food prices —that is, keeping the price of existing ration quantities stable at the present level, and allowing any available surplus to be sold at free market prices. There is obviously much to be said for such a plan: at any rate, it might have "incentive" value, and it provides one way out of a very awkward dilemma which increasing supplies are bound to present to the Ministry of Food. If the Chancellor sticks to his decision not to raise the present ceiling of £465 millions for food subsidies, then either additional supplies must be shut out of the market—a policy which could reasonably be attacked as "austerity for austerity's sake"—or rations must be increased and sold at higher controlled prices, with inevitable repercussions on wages.

The difficulty I see about the "two-tier" system, which has been tried (with varying success) in a number of Continental countries, is that, if it were applied to foods in which there is a range of quality—for instance meat and bacon—the almost inevitable result would be that all the best grades would go to long purses at "free" prices, and only inferior pieces would be sold on the ration. On the other hand, suppose that prospective supplies make it possible to consider raising the butter ration, is there any good reason why a bigger proportion than now of the fixed Treasury allocation of funds should be absorbed in subsidising the price of a commodity which would be bought, in bigger quantities, not so much by the working class as by middle-class consumers? It may be that the way out of the difficulty is to use food subsidies much more

flexibly than in the past—with the aim primarily of stabilising or, if possible, cheapening absolute essentials while letting "marginal" prices rise. But the whole question is most tricky; and I hope Mr. Webb will look well before he leaps.

* * *

The by-election at West Dumbarton should be an interesting contest. If the Liberals go ahead and put up a candidate, the vote might show how much they can draw from Labour and how much from the Tories, for there was no Liberal in the field last month. We should, moreover, see an interesting trial of strength between the two party machines, each of which is certain to make its maximum effort. I am sure that, in this case, much depends on the decision made by the Communists, who polled just over one thousand at the General Election. Will they fight again? If they do, a great many people will assume that their tactics are primarily designed to cost Labour the seat, and thus further reduce the slender Labour majority. I can see no valid argument for a Communist candidate. If any Communist tells me that it is necessary to fight to establish his Party's position, the simple answer is that nothing is more likely to infuriate the working class than an irresponsible intervention which may well put in the Tory.

* * *

I understand that it is by the King's own wish that the old ceremony of sending an open coach with six grey horses to convey an Ambassador to Buckingham Palace to hand in his credentials, has been revived. Dr. Subandrio, the first Ambassador to represent the United States of Indonesia in this country, is the first to benefit by this pageantry. After playing his part in the resistance in Java, Dr. Subandrio came to this country three years ago as head of the Indonesian Delegation. His wife, also a doctor, whilst studying social anthropology at the London School of Economics, has mainly devoted herself to teaching the British the arts of Indonesia. Like his colleagues, the Ambassadors of India and Burma, Krishna Menon and U. Ohn, Dr. Subandrio has a long record of work in the independence movement, and, like them, he represents those progressive forces which have come to the top in Asia, coupling Socialism with an awakened nationalism.

* * *

Now that the Royal Parks in the centre of London have had their scars more or less healed, and the "face-lifting" process is to be applied to Whitehall, surely the time has come for the Office of Works to do something for Primrose Hill. After five years of peace, this victim of London's A.A. defences is still a shambles. Untidy allotments sprawl over the south-east slope, and much of the north-west corner has been used as an unsightly dump for rubble. On the summit, to which foreigners visiting the Zoo are apt to climb for the sake of the panoramic view, there are not merely empty concrete gun-emplacements—these incidentally would serve admirably as the foundations for a terrace café—but rusty wire entanglements and the broken remnants of collapsed Nissen huts give the impression of a derelict battlefield in a defeated country. Come, now, Mr. Stokes; we are not so poor—or so insensitive to ugliness—that we could not spare twenty men and a few lorries to do a clearance job for a week or two. Or what about a Hampstead Youth Brigade?

* * *

Someone ought to publish an anthology of typographical errors. Some of the most memorable would not be printable; some could be explained by handwriting: others used to illustrate the theories of Freud. I won't pretend to pronounce on the reason why in last week's issue of this journal a book about Bernard Shaw by Alick West, entitled *A Good man Fallen among Fabians*, should have been described as *A Good Man Fallen among Thieves*. The publishers tell me that it was Lenin who first made this jest. I see what he meant. Shaw in his younger days must have looked to the outsider like a flaming revolutionary gone wrong. But the aphorism forgets that both the Bolshevik and the bourgeois mentalities are products of environment. Lenin would not have been a fanatical leader of violent revolution if under Czardom he had been able to write and say exactly what he liked anywhere in Russia and if he had discovered, as G.B.S. did, that fame and wealth were the rewards of his most revolutionary utterances.

* * *

Overheard: "No I don't want to go to *Venus Observed*. I saw plenty at the "Windmill" last night."

CRITIC

ROMMEL RIDES AGAIN

It is essential that a West German military contingent should be an integrated part of a Western Union Atlantic Pact Defence Force.
Observer, March 19

Shall the men that Rommel led,
Regiments of Rommel's men,
Third Reich Nazis born and bred,
In the West stand guard again?
Army chiefs have no misgiving,
They, the foes of Rommel living,
Join to honour Rommel dead.

Generals on the British side
Nazis bad and good can test;
All bad Nazis have been tried,
Good ones may defend the West.
Sporting enemies are partial
To the simple-minded Marshal—
Rommel is de-Nazified.

Summoned from Valhalla's hall
Rises Rommel's knightly shade!
He before his Führer's fall
Leader of the Reich betrayed;
Soldier, but no politician,
In the Wehrmacht's high tradition,
Noblest Nazi of them all.

Rommel's praises once again
Honour to Reich arms restore;
Rommel's troops were Nazis then—
None are Nazis any more.
Wehrmacht rehabilitation
Is in active preparation,
Now the West calls Rommel's men.

So the Rommel legend spread
Raises Rommel dead and gone;
In the glory that he shed
Soon will march the troops of Bonn.
Rommel was a hero splendid—
Soon the West will be defended
By the thugs that Rommel led.

SAGITTARIUS.

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

There is a weapon of the future too: the air-launched guided missile fitted with a ram-jet engine, cheap to build, fast and devilish in action. Dr. Bush believes it may yet bring a feeling of security to the world.—*Daily Mail*. (John Wilcox.)

Facts speak louder than statistics.—Mr. Justice Streatfeild, reported in *News Chronicle*. (B. M.)

Being a survivor from the Victorian Age and remembering my first sight of Queen Victoria when I was a small boy, I would like to suggest that our council should paint her black statue—or at least her face, neck and hands—white.—Letter in *Sussex Daily News*. (S. Godman.)

Royal and Ancient Golf Club Tie, formerly cherished, for sale cheap by ex-member who will not revisit St. Andrews until new rules are discarded.—Advert. in *Sunday Times*. (H. Stayte.)

Costly Medicines

(From a Medical Correspondent)

ONCE again Parliament is faced with heavy Supplementary Estimates for the National Health Service, and again the Minister has made out a good defence of himself and his Department. But there is no doubt that, by energetic action, large sums of money could be saved. Mr. Bevan mentioned the matter of proprietary medicines, which he describes as a racket, but he has not yet shown us how he intends to cope with the problem.

Some confusions of thought must first be corrected. One such confusion was apparent in the Minister's speech when, in the same breath, he mentioned Dexedrine and Genaspirin as examples of drugs whose proprietary forms cost very much more than the official preparations (dextroamphetamine sulphate and aspirin). Proprietary medicines must be divided into the so-called "ethical" preparations which are advertised only in publications intended for doctors and members of the allied professions, and the products which are advertised directly to the public.

Dexedrine is an "ethical" product, advertised only to doctors. Genaspirin is advertised widely and sold freely to the public. The National Health Service is concerned mainly with "ethical" products. It is fairly certain that most doctors prescribe "aspirin" *sans phrase*, rather than specifying any particular trade name or proprietary product. The drug manufacturers whose products are advertised publicly are aiming at the public directly, rather than at the doctors. It is, in fact, unlikely that the cost of the pharmaceutical service is seriously inflated by the prescription of proprietary aspirin; but it is quite certain that it is grossly increased by the prescription of "ethical" products instead of their unbranded, official equivalents. An official preparation, it should be noted, is one manufactured to a formula laid down in the British Pharmacopeia (B.P.), or the British Pharmacopeial Codex (B.P.C.), or the National Formulary (N.F.).

Why, then, do doctors prescribe expensive proprietaries in spite of appeals to save money?

One reason they prescribe extravagantly is ignorance; another is a desire to save trouble. For the first, the university teachers are very much to blame. It was possible, in my quite recent day, to go right through the medical school and the examination rooms without realising that Veronal, Medinal and Luminal were Barbitone, Barbitone soluble and Phenobarbitone under trade names. The trade names had caught on in the lecture theatre and at the ward round; they were acceptable currency at the examinations. Students and doctors learn a great deal by ear. If one's teacher speaks of a proprietary, one accustoms oneself to the name. Moreover, manufacturers of "ethicals" wisely give them names that are easy both to say and write. For instance, "Dexedrine" and "Agarol," mentioned by Mr. Bevan, come a good deal more readily to tongue and pen than do Dextroamphetamine sulphate B.P. or Emulsion of Liquid Paraffin with Phenolphthalein B.P.C. The first remedy is in the hands of the teachers and other influential doctors. They should be careful, almost pedantic, in speaking of the cheaper, official remedies. Only rarely, when there is no such preparation (e.g., the anti-histamines) or where they believe a proprietary to be definitely more efficacious, should they permit themselves the use of a trade name.

The example of senior colleagues will help us all, in the long run, to clearer thinking and greater economy. In the meantime money can be saved by a simple alteration of the regulations. On page 112 *et seq.* of *The National Formulary* 1949 appears a long list of proprietary medicines and applications. Against each is placed the name of "the drug or preparation which is substantially identical or of reputed analogous therapeutic effect." For all the cautious wording it is unlikely that substitution would ever do the patient any harm or deny him any important benefit; but in the preamble to this valuable list it is stated that "the list . . . is intended for the guidance of the prescriber: it does not entitle the pharmacist to substitute the analogous preparation for the proprietary." In effect, the doctor has to "contract out" of the proprietaries. If he knows a preparation, but suspects there is a cheaper, official analogue, he has got to dig up his copy of the formulary, consult it in front of the patient and write out the long name in full. It is much easier to write the trade name, even if it costs the Exchequer six times as much.

The substitution of a "contracting in" system is suggested. Let the doctor prescribe the drug by any proprietary or generally understood "pet" name with which he is familiar, but make it the duty of the pharmacist to substitute the analogue unless the doctor, in his own hand-writing, adds the word "actual." This last provision would give the doctor every chance to insist on the product of a particular firm if he really thought there was a special reason for doing so, or even if it was his whim to prescribe it. He would not be called upon to justify his action, nor would he risk any penalty. The effect, however, would be that it became more trouble to order an expensive proprietary than to save money by prescribing the analogue.

Something must also be done to keep the list of analogues up to date. They must be strictly official and subject to discussion by the learned bodies who compile the reference books. A list of new analogues should be compiled quarterly and sent to doctors and pharmacists. Executive Councils send these people quarterly cheques. The lists could be sent at the same time, to avoid any extra burden on the postal service. By these means it should be possible to get the prescription of proprietaries within reasonable control and to save at least the £10 millions expected from the unfair and bothersome "prescription-tax" which has never come into force.

Reaction in France

FRANCE is "not revolutionary." It was M. François Mauriac who made this reassuring discovery last week. The strikes, he said, were going on, but life in Paris was perfectly normal, and the working class themselves were showing no revolutionary fervour. His conclusion, in effect, was "Thank God for Stalin." What he meant was that, so long as the Communists represented "the interests of a foreign Power," their rank-and-file followers could be nothing but half-hearted, and the French bourgeoisie could sleep peacefully. If, he said, a French brand of Titoism were to emerge, then, and only then, would the French middle class have to start worrying.

There is, no doubt, an element of truth in this, but it is not the whole truth. It is true that the strikes in France to-day, though very widespread, are strangely sporadic, except among the Paris *metallos*. Many workers vote for the strike, and then change their minds, or go back to work as soon as they feel the pinch. Co-ordinated action between the three principal trade union federations is anything but perfect. The extensive use of C.R.S. troops, the somewhat questionable practice of commandeering workers in the public services (often regardless of the *droit de grève* inscribed in the Constitution) and the other means used for breaking strikes—all these have had a demoralising effect on many strikers. Here and there the strikers have won, especially those in small and medium-sized engineering firms, which have met the strikers half-way, or more. But the *grand patronat* has been adamant, and has refused even to discuss the compromise proposal for a 12 per cent. rise in the Paris metallurgical industry put forward by the Catholic unions.

Having at first encouraged the big employers to be tough, and having broken in various ways a number of strikes, the Bidault Government has changed its tune in the last week. M. Pleven, the War Minister, and M. Teitgen, Minister of Information, have been talking in terms of "social justice," while the *Monde* and even the *Figaro* have been echoing the "let's not be beastly to the workers" utterances of high Church dignitaries. It seems that the open hostility to the French working class displayed by a large part of the Government press has made a very bad impression on large sections of public opinion, and of parliamentary opinion, including the Socialists and the Left wing of the M.R.P. But whether this apparent change of heart on the part of the Government will persuade the *grand patronat* to cut down substantially some of their huge profits for the benefit of the workers remains to be seen. The example given by the Bidault Government itself, which has offered only a rise of 4.9 per cent. to some of the State employees on strike, is not very encouraging. The Government firmly sticks to its "no inflation" slogan, says as little as possible about the high profits of the industrialists, and refuses to consider the argument widely used that, with plenty of goods in the shops—many of which have to hold "clearance sales"—an increase in wages will not necessarily send up the cost of living. The Right-wing press, while partly agreeing with this, still says that even a slight rise in costs might be fatal to the French export market. Again, profits are not mentioned. Nor, of course, the profits made by those middlemen who are so much to blame for high food prices.

It seems, therefore, that the raw deal given to the French working class will continue, and that the bourgeoisie will continue to be reassured by the "absence of a revolutionary temper." Is this, as some have suggested, due to the confusion existing among the trade unions? Or is it due to a widespread inertia, to a hangover from the Occupation or from earlier strike failures, or to a genuine fear of victimisation? Of this there are many examples, some of them quoted in the current issue of *Esprit*, the Left-wing Catholic monthly.

The other day a director of one of the Paris automobile works said to me: "We are not worrying about strikes any more. The chaps come and go. They are half-hearted. They'd sooner have a badly paid job than no job at all. We have quite a number of de Gaullist strike-breakers who can stand up to any hotheads. Tempers were much more violent in '47 than now. I was then kicked out of my office. They wouldn't dare do anything like that to-day." And then he added nostalgically: "During the Occupation we never had any labour unrest. And look at Spain! Never any trouble there!"

These are the words of a "Vichy de Gaullist" (an interesting new French brand), and I would not do the Bidault Government the injustice of attributing to it such thoughts. "A generous liberalism," the *Monde* wrote the other day, "is the best cure of Communism." No doubt very true, as the "liberal" example of Socialist Britain shows. Even so, there is still no evidence that the present "social" policy of MM. Teitgen and Pleven will, in reality, produce a reasonably contented working class. The *grand patronat* wants a victory.

To what extent is Big Business tied up with de Gaulle? There have been some curious developments on this side of French politics. De Gaulle is to-day clearly beginning to court the conservative, "Vichyite" elements of the French bourgeoisie. The General himself has suddenly demanded the liberation of Petain, just as one of his henchmen recently demanded that of Charles Maurras. Here are reassuring little sops to the "classical Right"! And are not these, as *Franc Tireur* puts it, the first

steps towards the alliance between the two brands of French Fascism? The organic union with Western Germany (which no doubt Leopold would join) advocated by de Gaulle also has a clear Vichy ring.

More openly than ever before have the de Gaullists been advocating an overthrow of the present regime. M. Gaston Palewski, de Gaulle's right-hand man, after being beaten up by Communists at a meeting at Albi, declared that the de Gaullists were no longer interested in "all the bleating about national union," on the present parliamentary basis. Parliament, he said, must be dissolved, and new institutions must be set up, and a "stable, homogeneous and determined Government" (note the totalitarian *homogeneous!*) must be formed under General de Gaulle. He then announced that a "Capital-Labour Charter"—clearly modelled on the old Mussolinian conception—would soon be made public. The conception of an "anti-Communist National Union," including everyone from the Extreme Right to the Socialists, which is advocated by a *bien-pensant* paper like *Aurore*, and has, in fact, many supporters among the present Government, has been rejected by de Gaulle. The Gaullists hope, indeed, that the "classical Right" will gang up with them in the next election, and that all the old collaborators will become "de Gaullists," and that the other Third Force parties will also accept de Gaullism.

A peculiarity of de Gaullist policy to-day (singularly reminiscent of the *Action Francaise* and Croix de Feu policy before the war) is to dwell on the "rottenness" of the parliamentary system, to exploit to the utmost the Revers-Van Co *scandale* and, characteristically, to try to drag into it, if not the President of the Republic himself, at least his son, Paul Auriol. The fact that a lot of filth is being washed up by the inquiry, filth which is far more damaging to the various shady (many of them de Gaullist) characters in the French police than to parliamentary government as such, does not worry the Gaullists, who keep up with their insinuations against the Socialist Party and against President Auriol. In short, the campaign for the "new institutions" will soon be in full swing, and the Gaullists clearly hope that they can get enough support from the pro-Vichy bourgeoisie, from the big employers, and all those whose memories of Vichy are not too unhappy. The old enmity of some of the peasantry towards the working class will, naturally, be duly exploited. How determined will Bidault be to wreck these plans?

It is perhaps significant that, forgetting all the horrid things M. Reynaud said about Leopold in 1940 (I wonder if M. Reynaud remembers them?), a large part of the press should to-day be showing an ill-disguised sympathy for this anti-Socialist monarch. One evening paper even thought fit to publish columns of sloppy trash about Mlle Baels and the whole Baels family, and their patriotic behaviour in 1940. *Sans blague!*

But if "something" is being organised on the Right, the Left is in a state of confusion. Although the Communists love to talk of the glorious "unity of the masses" during the Popular Front days, the whole idea has become unworkable after what has happened in Poland and Czechoslovakia. The Socialists—with no striking personality to put fire into them—are pursuing a "lesser evil" policy by more or less supporting Bidault. If, in the Communist Party, there is a crisis, it is not, for the present, a very serious one, and is, in any case, being hidden from the general public. There seems to have been trouble with some federations, and also over M. Ramette, but neither Ramette nor any other leading Communist has been openly purged—though it is admitted that there has been a lot of "self-criticism."

How the C.P. will fare in the next election is still too early to say; it depends on many things. The greatest trouble the C.P. has had is on the intellectual plane; but the Communists never fail to make capital of the fact that, even if Cassou or Vercors (though never officially Communists) have turned against them, Aragon, Joliot Curie and Picasso continue to give them their full support. To belong to the C.P. means to submit to an ideological tyranny; but to change over to the Right, to what *Esprit* calls "the Digest-Coca-Cola ideology," is to submit to another tyranny. There is a middle way, but those who refuse to choose "between Russia and America" become "*inutilisable*." That is to say that, politically, there is no room for them. There is room for them only on a purely intellectual plane. And, even there, they are seriously handicapped. All the time, pressure is brought to bear on them in order to make them choose. There is a certain tragic symbolism in the case of Claude Bourdet, one of France's best journalists, and a man who in his writings exercised the greatest intellectual freedom, so typical of France in the past. A week or two ago Bourdet suddenly found his paper, *Combat*, taken away from him by the Tunisian gentleman who controlled it financially and who had now decided in favour of its "Cocacolonisation."

Paris, March 20. ALEXANDER WERTH

Cosh

"I KNOW what I'd do with 'em," says the man at the end of the bar, "I'd thrash the hide off them. A dam' good hiding's the only thing they understand. It won't stop till the cat comes back."

It's a common enough line of talk these days, but this is different. The man at the end of the bar is Joe Doakes of the *County Sentinel*, and when you hear Joe Doakes talking like that you begin to wonder. Joe ought to know better. It's as if one of those stage hypnotists, by some fantastic fumble, had put the fluence on himself instead of on his "subject".

Because, of course, it's Joe Doakes who puts the cosh in your news. In case, like the "Take It From Here" team, you thought it just came there, I'd better explain about linage and its mysteries. Joe is a linage man for some London papers. That is to say, apart from his regular job at the *Sentinel* he earns a bit on the side (and, incidentally, helps ends to meet, almost) by sending the best of his news stories to London papers, who pay him on the space he fills. The term "linage" is a hangover from the days when the work was paid by the line printed, a system which in its time did great harm to journalistic style, since the way that makes most lines is not necessarily the best way to tell the tale. Nowadays the work is much better paid, not by the line, but partly by space and partly on merit.

Cosh, then, doesn't just come to the front page of your evening paper night after night of its own accord. Joe puts it there—on linage.

Joe doesn't do it all on his own, of course. Somewhere in the darker depths of Fleet Street about a month ago some far greater genius gave birth to the wonderful cosh idea. Early one morning cosh was writ large on a front page for the very first time. It is one of the more reliable streaks in the character of the great British press that it takes only one edition for the rest to catch up with the pioneer of any particular day. So that day, pages were wrecked, good news was spiked, headlines were changed. A great new stunt was born.

Copy-tasters promptly got cosh-minded. Those who didn't heard voices—voices at the far, higher, ends of wires, asking, "What, no cosh?" Cosh became to copy-tasters as bamboo shoots to giant pandas. Because copy-tasters have to eat, the country was scoured for cosh.

It is at about this stage that the full irony of Joe's attitude to cosh begins to dawn. Cosh is not among his regular stock-in-trade. It happens, very occasionally, like rail smashes and murders, with which, even then, it has very much to take its chance as linage. Normally the cream of Joe's ingenuity (and, believe me, it needs ingenuity) is expended on rehashing the local education estimates and last year's tame blackbird—with a quick check to see that it's still alive—to tickle the copy-taster's palate.

Joe's no fool of course. It takes but a couple of weeks of cosh in big enough sans type on enough front pages for him, too, to catch on. The only trouble is that there's nothing around his parish to catch on to. In all the territory covered by his paper—a county bordering on London—not one case of cosh has been reported.

So, strictly speaking, it's not really Joe who put cosh in your news, but those of his pals lucky enough to find a rare case just at the time it was needed most.

You'd think that a man who knows as much as Joe about how news is made would be more susceptible to facts than to Beat the Bandit and Bring Back the Cat. Mr. Chuter Ede, for instance, is only confirming the evidence of Joe's own bank balance when he says there's been less cosh since the cat went. Recently he told the House of Commons that in the nine months up to the abolition of corporal punishment there were 711 cases punishable by it. In the corresponding nine months of 1949, after abolition, there were only 597 such cases.

It seems a curious reason for bringing back the cat. But then in terms of news it still breaks down to two cases a day plus what the judge says when they come to trial. And there's always the parson in the parish magazine. Joe can make a bit there, because even in a coshless county parsons air their views about cosh.

Cosh, Joe? Bosh. You've been reading the papers. REGINALD CLARKE

The Rain and Mr. McNeil

EARLY this month, when Mr. Tom Johnston touched a button and started the first of the turbo-alternators at Loch Sloy, he mentioned that current was then beginning to pour into the grid to the extent of one-sixth of Glasgow's needs. By the end of the year, when the four alternators are working at their maximum output, the current from Loch Sloy will be much nearer Glasgow's total demand; and eventually the Hydro Board's Highland projects will constitute the main single contributor to the grid that covers Britain.

Loch Sloy is a small mountain loch that feeds Loch Lomond. Four years ago German prisoners of war began the work of turning the fabled banks and braes into a catchment area. The generating station, in the most tourist-ridden, picture-postcard region of the nearer Highlands, is not forty miles from Glasgow. This may explain what appeared, on the ex-Secretary's part, to be an incautious emphasis on serving the electrical needs of the cities. The Hydro Board has been engaged in a long-drawn battle with those who like their nature neat, or diluted only by a good motoring road, not by a pylon. In dealing with them the Board has occasionally appeared as a tender organisation, concerned chiefly with banishing the paraffin lamp from the humble home of the poor crofter. Now that the turbines are turning, the cities are claiming their own.

There was a ditch-digger at the roadside near the Loch Sloy station on the day the project quit its swaddling clothes. Ben Vorlich and Beinn a Choin were spattered with a few streaks of snow, like dashes of careless white-wash. Loch Lomond, about to become a receiving vessel for hydro-electric discharge, was affectedly prim and proper, as befits a dollar earner. The ditch-digger approved of hydro-electricity. It was better than batteries for running the wireless. He came from much farther North, and his English carried the mixed realism and poetry of his native tongue. He gestured to the hills: "They have taken the water from the heather-root and given it a job to do. Now there will be no more jokes about the Highland climate. Even the rain is a serious business now."

It has been easier to harness the weather than find an agreed policy for Scotland. The appointment of Mr. McNeil to the Scottish Office was an intelligent matching of the man and the moment. Already, in this Parliament, he has been more precise on Scottish affairs than his predecessor was during his whole term of office. He will need to devote his energies to two problems—one of administration, the other of policy. He must deal ruthlessly with housing. It was stated recently at St. Andrew's House, with apparent delight, that Scottish builders could not handle more work. If this is so, then—short of a revolutionary technique for building—Scotland is doomed for many years to the most appallingly low housing standards in Britain, if not in Europe. But one expects Mr. McNeil to deal peremptorily with the mood of benevolent satisfaction that has been a feature of St. Andrew's House.

The other matter that should engage the attention of Mr. McNeil is the perennial problem that disguises itself pompously as legislative devolution. It appears that the Government has decided to stop playing the ostrich with the Home Rule question. Mr. McNeil has already acknowledged the existence of the Covenant, with its million signatures and he has said he would be doing less than his duty—he gave no hint of his inclination—if he did not attend to it. The election abolished the claim of the Scottish National Party to speak for Scotland in party politics. It put paid to the dubious ambitions of other candidates running under a nationalist flag. The fact that the Liberal Party found most of its few successes in Scotland and Wales is probably due to reasons other than nationalism. The poor results at the poll are not, however, a measure of the Scots' interest in Scotland.

Scottish Convention, the organisation behind the Covenant, avoided all contact with the election and emerged as the one strong voice demanding Scottish legislative change. Under its chairman, Mr. John MacCormick, it has no intention of weakening its position. The Covenant has already been used to embarrass the new Government. Mr. Macdonald's maiden speech in the House was a fair statement of the Scottish Liberal attitude—firm for Home Rule. Col. Gomme Duncan, the member for Perth, showed how the Tories will use the Covenant as a tactical weapon and make porridge of patriotism and party.

To some extent the Scottish question is now resolved into two strong personalities, Mr. McNeil and Mr. MacCormick. Scottish Convention is to convene another national assembly in Edinburgh on the 15th of April. Mr. McNeil may be asked to attend. Whether or not he is able to do so, it is probable he will see the necessity for a get-together, on or off the record, with Mr. MacCormick and other leaders of the campaign for Home Rule. Mr. McNeil and Mr. MacCormick have a very similar background. They were educated at the same school, attended the same university, and both joined the Labour Party in Glasgow. In addition, in 1945, apart from running on a Home Rule ticket, Mr. McNeil informed Scottish Convention that his attitude to home rule was firmly positive. So did Miss Herbison, the second of his Under-Secretaries, and sixteen others who became Scottish Labour M.P.s in the '45 Parliament.

Mr. McNeil has already suggested that the Government might consider a fact-finding Commission. The Tories claim, in their pamphlet on Scotland, that an inquiry is necessary, but the kernel of their statement is a masterpiece of obscurantism. If Mr. McNeil decides on a Commission, it will make an odd comment on the attitude of Transport House to Scotland. In October 1945 the Scottish Labour Party Annual Conference passed a resolution asking the Government to examine the question *whether* a Scottish legislative assembly for home affairs was essential for the well-being of the country. In 1947, a further resolution urged the Government to attend to the 1945 resolution but by this time the executive of the Scottish Labour Party was itself luke-warm, if not chilly. The White Paper published early in 1948 indicated that London had shut the door.

What annoys Scottish members of the Labour Party, whose personal views on their country have not altered in the past few years, is that the Communist Party, by coming out firmly on the side of Home Rule, is really having a quiet laugh at Scottish Labour which, opposing Communism, is willing to accept a ready-made change of opinion sent up by the Flying Scotsman. If, on the other hand, London was misinformed in the past of the real desire for a down-to-earth inquiry, then the blame lies with Scottish Labour, which has admittedly stiffened in its joints and hasn't the mental agility or vision of a generation ago.

Mr. McNeil's suggestion of a fact-finding Commission makes nonsense of the 1945-50 period, as the resolutions passed by the Scottish Conference were for no more than a serious unprejudiced inquiry. Whether or not such an inquiry would have recommended reform such as is embodied in the Covenant is anyone's guess. But the matter would have been ventilated. The inquiry that Mr. McNeil hints at, and that demanded by the Tory party, are both prejudiced *ab initio* by refusing any legislative change. With such a proviso, it is hardly likely that a Commission could attempt to be objective. What London has failed to understand is that the Scots are still anxious to make decisions on principle and to formulate subsequent policy accordingly. It is one of the awkward virtues of the Keir Hardie tradition.

Edinburgh. NEIL MCCALLUM

So They Say . . .

BLAND omission and calculated half-truth are among the debased coins still in circulation, unfortunately, in Fleet Street. Examples from both sides of the political fence appeared last week. On Thursday, the *Daily Graphic* prominently announced that the T.U.C. had ordered a "purge" of Tory sympathisers or fellow-travellers from its ranks. On Friday the T.U.C. issued a categorical denial: "The T.U.C. have issued no directions whatever . . . have not entertained nor are likely to entertain any of the ideas attributed to them in the *Daily Graphic* story. The whole of the statement may be regarded as a complete fabrication of the most irresponsible kind." The *Daily Graphic* printed the *démenti*, but ended the quotation with a full stop at "attributed to them."

The *Daily Herald* was even more selective. It headlined on March 15, the Minister of Health's Commons speech: "TOO-DEAR MEDICINES 'NAMED'", and printed fully his strictures on the "hospital glassware monopoly" and the "drugs racket." The following day denials were issued by the British Chemical Ware Manufacturers' Association, the Proprietary Association of Great Britain, and various manufacturers. These were printed in most papers—but I could not find them in the *Daily Herald*.

Obituary, March 20

News Chronicle: Edgar Rice Burroughs, the man who created Tarzan and by his creation earned £20,000,000, died in California . . .

Daily Express: TARZAN MADE HIM £1,000,000 —He thought up his first Tarzan book one hot night in 1912 . . .

Daily Mail: Tarzan was born into Burroughs' inventive mind in 1917 . . .

Daily Graphic: After selling "Tarzan of the Apes" for £175 . . .

Daily Herald: Next came "Tarzan of the Apes," sold for £250 in 1914 . . .

Daily Mail: . . . that first $400 cheque for Tarzan. That was in 1917 . . .

Daily Express: First Tarzan film was made in 1916 . . .

Daily Mail: First Tarzan film appeared in 1927.

Georgian Calendar

Daily Mail, February 8:

> Fifty-five-year-old Lord Ferrers yesterday looked sadly at his 70-roomed Georgian mansion, which has been in the family for over 500 years. . .
>
> AUTOLYCUS

The Play of Ideas

MY friend, Terence Rattigan, luxuriating in his indignation, has forgotten, I think, what provoked him. The starting-point of his resentment, I should guess, was the shallowness of a few old-fashioned critics (whom he strangely regards as *avant-garde*), writing as a rule in supposedly Left-wing papers and calling for a propagandist theatre.

Now although these critics (and dramatists who have heeded them) confuse the so-called drama of ideas with a propagandist drama, there is no reason why Rattigan should fall into the same error, and still less for his supposing that Shaw ever did. *Widowers' Houses* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, *Ghosts* (which by the way is no more and no less a play about syphilis than *Hamlet* is a play about poison) and *The Doll's House* are as near as Shaw and Ibsen ever got to explicit propaganda; but their greater work, such as *Major Barbara* and *Heartbreak House*, *The Wild Duck* and *The Master-Builder* were no less packed with ideas, though I will offer Rattigan a prize if he can summarise for me the propaganda that they carry.

In fact, of course, Shaw was the avowed foe of propagandist drama. It is, by definition, the drama of black against white, and was precisely the pattern prevailing in the 'eighties and 'nineties that he lambasted as a critic and dissolved as a dramatist. That gigantic one-man assault was launched not merely because his contemporaries' morality was often his immorality (and of course vice versa), not because their blacks were his whites, but because, as he says somewhere in a paragraph more pungent than my paraphrase, he disdained to traffic in such implausible simplifications and distortions of character. That comment no more than his work discloses the attitude of a dramatist who could be charged with subjugating his sense of character to a sense of propaganda.

Indeed, this artistic conscience (which I equate with the scientific conscience) has often confused and dismayed his disciples. It is always dismaying when Wilkes declares that he himself is not a Wilkesite. But it should not have surprised Rattigan nor escaped his notice that Shaw, as a congenital artist, has for nearly three-quarters of a century been the most unreliable of propagandists, even as a pamphleteer or platform speaker, let alone within the sacred precincts of the theatre, where he so scrupulously and wholeheartedly gave the devil his due that it was decades before the public, only gradually inured to this novelty, could understand what the devil he was writing about.

It is this liberation from the formula of propagandist or "ideological" play-writing, for which Shaw, almost single-handed, was responsible, in which Rattigan, Bridie and I can now stretch ourselves, bound only by our own limitations, and for which, as Bridie says, we should all be duly grateful.

There is a difficulty in answering Rattigan because he is attacking at one moment the ideological play, the play with an idea, and the next moment the play of ideas, for all the world as though they were identical instead of antithetical. The fixed idea is the enemy of unfixed ideas. The latter proliferate in Shakespeare no less than in Shaw—and, to cite a younger example, in Christopher Fry. They are not antagonistic to characterisation, as Bridie and Mr. Gerald Lewis point out. Indeed Shaw attacked *Othello* and *Antony and Cleopatra* not because they display an excessive concern with character but too little. Nor was Tchekov spared a Shavian castigation, as Rattigan supposes, through chronology. On the contrary, he wrote in time to evoke the supreme compliment of imitation when Shaw not only composed a lovely play avowedly on the Tchekovian model but even borrowed the favourite Tchekovian theme of a dying society. (Or am I unfairly annexing Tchekov by suggesting that he even stooped to a theme?).

The truth is that the present controversy has no roots. The battle of "schools" is a sham battle. There are only good plays and bad plays. There are no right and wrong theories of drama or painting or music. Manner is irrelevant. The romantic lyricism of Fragonard or the powerful earthy prose of Van Gogh—pick which extreme of style and theory you may fancy. Neither will disable you if you believe in it and if the good Lord has blessed you. Neither will save you if He has not.

And so with the theatre. If you elect to plant the intellect or any other human attribute (your own or those of your dramatis personae) in the foreground or the background or the middle-ground, the choice is yours. If you plant it where it suits your purpose, you will have done well: if not, you will have done badly. There are more ingredients to a play, as Rattigan would agree, than the three he has enumerated. But that he should have ventured to establish for them an order of priority is an attempted dogma that ingenuity may colour but never substantiate. If the game of priorities is to be played, surely a quite different order from Rattigan's would be more easily defensible in the light of history. Looking along the line of masterpieces, I should say the first essential of a great play is a heated intellectual or poetic imagination, and preferably both. Without either, characterisation and narrative breed no more than a novelette. But in fact all this weighing of ingredients is unprofitable. There are no recipes in this kitchen. Either you can cook or you cannot.

And yet, having bombarded Rattigan, let me now defend him. Very truly he writes, "the history of artistic endeavour is surely the history of change." That is why periodical battles of the schools are important, for all that they are about artistic irrelevancies. The mode may not matter but a periodical change of mode matters a great deal. Impressionism was no better in itself than the modes of painting that preceded it. Its value was to arrest for the time being the fatty degeneration of the artist, to rescue him from too long a stewing in second-hand juices and force him to think freshly and basically instead of imitatively. At irregular intervals such rescue work is indispensable and the Life Force is usually at hand to provide some new idiom for the purpose or to resurrect an old one. I construe Rattigan's article as a timely offer of his services to the Life Force, which he considers is about due to start shaking us up. He is probably right, for fifty years in the Ibsen-Shaw idiom is a fair spell. But why should he protest at Shaw's similar intervention fifty years ago when change was even more manifestly due?

On this basis I can happily defend Rattigan; though I am bound to say, when I survey the contemporary drama, that I rather suspect the Life Force has anticipated him, is less unpunctual than he assumes.

BENN W. LEVY

PINK PILLS

"Shares like Aspro, Beechams, Boots, Glaxo, Sangers and Timothy Whites all fell sharply." City Editor, *News Chronicle*, March 16th.

The Ranks of Tuscany (from whom
  J. Arthur Rank's descended)
Found in their hearts a little room
To raise a cheer when certain doom
  (To coin a phrase) impended.

But pills which make the sick and sad
  So radiant and jolly
(In ref. to an *Aspro* ad.)
Were ineffective in this bad
  Attack of Melancholy.

In vain they drank the drugs they sold—
  The rot was in the roots;
I think the Prophet Wells of old
Proleptically once foretold
  The Misery of Boots.

In infancy shall Bevan lie
  (Like William's *Intimations*)
About us. Bonnie Babies cry:
"The Day of Judgment draweth Nye—
  Beware of Imitations!"

* * *

Let others drift upon the rocks,
  Sir Thomas still can find
A Covent Garden paradox,
Knowing a Guinea for a Box
  Not in Aneurin's mind. . . .

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Arts and Entertainment

LONDON OR PARIS

UNDER the above title the Institute of Contemporary Arts has presented an exhibition of the work of sixteen of the younger painters and sculptors now working in France and England. This was an excellent idea and the resulting show at the New Burlington Galleries gives us an opportunity for making a number of comparisons between contemporary developments in the two countries. It also presents the public here with its first glimpse of some of the French painters whose names had arrived in London in advance of their canvases. The actual selection of artists is, on either side, obviously controversial, especially if the claim is made that the teams are representative of London and Paris. On the French side we must say that with the single exception of Hérold, a surrealist, the painters chosen all come from that section of the post-war Parisian school which is preoccupied with a new cross-breeding process between pure abstraction and the surface qualities of impressionism.

Writing here last July I said: "A canvas by Bazaine consists of four or five hundred ragged little squares of paint strung together in swaying rows surging up and across the canvas . . . His feeling for paint is good and the picture has a slightly Bonnardian fuzziness, a quality shared by Manessier." Bazaine's pictures are included in this exhibition, Manessier's not. Nevertheless this "fuzziness" is present in all the French paintings in the show: we see that even in pursuit of the end of pure abstraction Frenchmen do not fail to achieve sensuous, painterly means; the slick, smooth de-natured materials employed by the Constructivists proper have been discarded, even if the aridity of the destination has not been perceived. I should have thought that Gabo—the most abstract artist alive—had, by perfecting the Constructivist approach, made it perfectly clear that a mode which completely dissociates pictorial (or sculptural) expression from external reality is barren. The completely abstract is, artistically, a heresy, so to speak. The immensely important truth which it magnifies to a degree where it becomes false is simply this: in all good visual art, however representational, what primarily and most immediately affects us is an underlying harmony of form and colour, a visual music of which the component notes and phrases are indeed abstract. It is by the very different quality of their underlying abstract rhythms, rather than by differences of subject, that we distinguish the great painters, one from another. But the modern abstract heresy results from having overlooked the natural origin of this all-pervading element of abstract form and colour (and all form, all colour, regarded *as such* is abstract) in the great painting of the past. The *kind* of abstract rhythm which permeates a Cézanne still life is determined precisely by the *kind* of still-life objects it occurred to Cézanne to paint. Thus we see that true abstraction is not something imposed on the objects of external reality: it is an essence precipitated by that reality—something abstracted from it.

The French painters showing here belong to a generation which assumes that it is external reality that must be fitted to the current patterns of abstraction. Instead of there being a very real tension between the rhythms of his picture and the subject the artist evokes, the rhythms have got clean away with it. No echo of natural imagery breaks in: no ghost of natural appearances looks through. Abstraction (which should at this stage be re-christened "Injection" or "Substitution") becomes a point of departure rather than arrival. And all this, let us remember, could never be said of anything in the work of Braque, Matisse or Picasso. In point of fact it does not all of it apply to Pallut, Adam or Richier (whose sculpture reminds me of the figures in Buffet's pictures) among the present French eight. But of the others, Bazaine, Ubac, Bloc and Hartung, it is certainly true: and it is they who are representative of the new majority in Paris.

Of the English, some of whom are better known in London than others, it is only the two sculptors Butler and Adams who might just as well have come from Paris as from London. Even Craxton's Picassian idiom has a slight tightness of design (as well as of rendering) and an obsession with sudden minute detail, ill-wedded to the whole conception in most cases, which the French would probably consider unprofessional—that is, English. But Craxton is interesting: even more so is Peter Lanyon. If his large picture, *Cape Family*, had been hung where one could see it—I mean, in the large room—it would possibly suggest that he was the most original painter in the entire collection. PATRICK HERON

THE MOVIES

"Louisiana Story" and "Moonrise" at the Academy
"Au Delà des Grilles," at the Cameo-Polytechnic
"The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend," at the Marble Arch Odeon

The return of *Louisiana Story*, at a time when revivals necessarily abound, can bring nothing but pleasure. Many missed its first appearance; others will wish to confirm and enlarge their impressions. After a third visit, enjoyed even more than the other two, I went away with the feeling "But of course I must see this again," which—had it been not a film but a piece of music—would have sent me straight to the gramophone shop. And as films go, here *is* a piece of music, rich in texture as a tone poem by Debussy or Delius. How its sensuousness, coupling energy with tranquillity, beguiles! How one would like to recite to oneself trips and chords, whole passages; but the visual chain breaks, we are left with bits and pieces in a generalised memory, and the necessity to go again. Charming necessity, it is true; but why do our eyes, that seem to have taken in so much and so avidly, refuse to sustain their impressions? The answer, I suppose, is simply that one minute of *Louisiana Story* contains far more to remember than one minute of *Iberia* or *The Cuckoo in Spring*, and that the eye does its best. Many Flahertys with their inspiration of movement will be needed before we can rehearse their flight as we hum tunes.

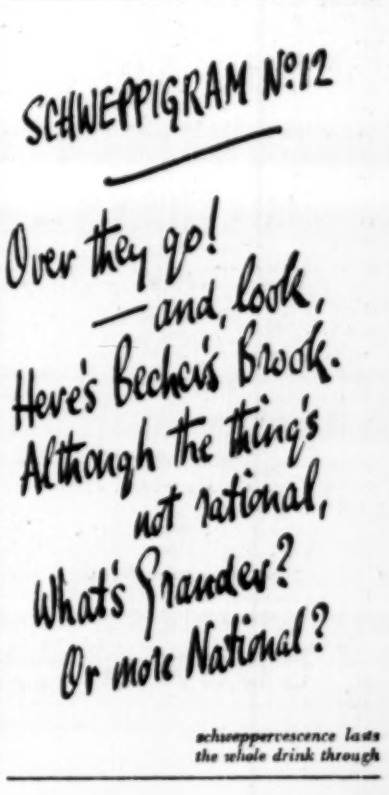
I made the mistake, at the Academy, of witnessing *Louisiana Story* before its accompanying film, *Moonrise*; and some descent was inevitable. Nevertheless, this is a genuine little piece with a weakness. It brings home, as few Hollywood films do, the jungle on American doorsteps, the wilderness that may lap round a town as ocean does about a brightly lit liner. To step off one into the other is not difficult. The scene, quite as much as the hero's antecedents (his hanged father dangles always before him) stretches the nerves for violence: a small town where the Mayor and his cronies babble on a bench in the railway station, and two wisecrackers meet in the smart empty café, and at night there's dancing at a shack in the forest. The latter provides the background of murder; and the film makes its play with a love-affair that rises uneasily on the surge of conscience. It is a gloomy, tense little piece, sensitively directed by Frank Borzage and well acted, with Dane Clark and Gail Russell in the chief parts. Its achievement lies in avoiding stark sensation, and in giving a touch of poetry to realism; but alas, the inevitabilities grow sententious. The gods gather round too close, and everyone at the end suddenly smiles as though it had been strain. Still, up to a point *Moonrise* is both honest and likeable.

René Clement's *Au Delà des Grilles* is another grey film on a considerably higher level. Beautiful naturalistic acting, brilliant photography and background (Genoa, I fancy), and the trick of revealing character and thereby increasing tension which no mere thriller accomplishes. I wonder why I didn't enjoy it more? Possibly because, though so effectively cemented, its ingredients seem all to have come our way before. Gabin, with silvering head, as the murderer on the run; the sheltering love affair; dock-sides, a workmen's restaurant and zig-zagging hill streets; even the tenement rooms in a dilapidated palace, and the thirteen-year-old daughter whose discoveries give a twist to horror. Yes, it *has* all been done before; but once again, I must admit, irreproachably.

If *The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend* had come from anyone but Preston Sturges, it would have been welcomed as a raucous explosion of fun. Miss Betty Grable is in form (not a bad form, either); crude Technicolor and bestial din tinge the early Western air; and the whole affair has a crashing ballad ring. But as a Sturges product it is as lamentable as recent Disney.
WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE radio as a glorified mechanics' institute: in these days, of course, it is mainly in the Third Programme that the dons go slumming, but adult education lifts its head again in the Home Service with the discussion series *Does it Make Sense To-day?* in which working-class students discuss certain age-old problems with a lecturer who relates their findings to the classic texts on the subjects. Last week the theme was the individual and the State; a good discussion with the opposed points of view well expressed by "Len" and "Fred" and the loose ends admirably brought together and the whole referred most lucidly to Mill's *On Liberty*, by Mr. Noel Annan. A good discussion—but "Len" was "Len" and "Fred" was "Fred" and Mr. Annan was never Noel. The result was an impression of one-sided mateyness which set the teeth on edge. The



sub-title of the programme was *We and They*: I'm afraid there could be no doubt at all who was we and who was they; they are chaps without surnames and with barbarously foreshortened Christian names. The fault was not in the least Mr. Annan's, who was excellent; it lies, one can only suppose, in a thoroughly misconceived belief on the part of those responsible for the series that to present speakers as "Len" and "Fred" is calculated to make the programme popular, for in the first discussion in the series we had "George" and "Bill"—and Mr. H. L. Beales. How cou'd the appearance of talking down be avoided, and what better way could be devised of alienating the very listeners to whom this important series might be expected to appeal?

It may now be considered one of the virtues of the Third Programme that it doesn't "Bill" you. I sat at the feet of Professor Temple when he gave the first two talks in the series *How Mathematicians Think* and he was very civil. If I, who am only an indifferent mathematician, felt at the end that I hadn't been told anything I didn't know before, that was not Professor Temple's fault but due to the nature of the subject and my own ignorance. And that is the trouble with so many broadcasts of the kind one calls educational, especially when they are scientific in subject: the gulf between the *we* of the specialist and the *they* of the rest of us can scarcely be bridged at all. Whatever his audience the literary man's task is easier, if only because his listeners will not even be aware that they are being educated. So one was able to listen simply with pleasure to Dr. Leslie Hotson's talk on what he called "literary serendipity," in which he told us how he stumbled quite by accident on his discovery of the authorship of *Leicester's Commonwealth*, and to Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's magisterial recorded lecture on criticism.

Yet in many respects the most interesting talk of the week was Mr. Grigson's *The Natural Order*. But talk is the wrong word. The programme was presented as "Some notes on men and nature written and read by Geoffrey Grigson." The matter (in effect, an analysis of the English attitude towards nature) was fascinating, but more important was the manner in which it was done. What broadcasting has not yet succeeded in doing is to find any spoken equivalent to the essay, the short work whose end is not to give information but to give pleasure through the author's reflections and observations. The essay as a literary form is conversational in tone—the "Lit." word for it, one seems to remember, is the odious "unbuttoned." But to be unbuttoned at the microphone is to make speaker and listener alike odiously self-conscious. Yet the need for something like an essay on the air has always been felt. Mr. Grigson seems to have solved the problem by cutting across what one has always believed to be the Talks Department's golden rules and simply reading a very good piece of personal prose that bore none of the signs of having been written specifically for radio. It was most refreshing, and one was conscious of listening to something new on the air. One hopes that the Third Programme will make a point of keeping time for this kind of essay, however much it may appear not to be "radio."

WILLIAM SALTER

"Messiah" Restored

Last Saturday in St. Paul's Cathedral the New Choral Society under John Tobin gave a complete and uncommonly interesting performance of Handel's *Messiah*, which aimed at restoring as closely as possible the original ideals and colour of this much-overpainted masterpiece. Mr. Tobin had been at great pains to produce a working solution of the innumerable problems. From an ancient pay-roll in the Foundlings Hospital he had deduced the exact constitution of the orchestra which used to play in the oratorio there under Handel's direction; he had worked out with the soloists some rather tentative ornamentation of the vocal line in the *da capo* arias; and he had studied afresh numerous manuscripts, which sometimes conflict and offer alternative versions of the same piece. The most considerable of these variants was the setting of "How beautiful are the feet" as a duet for two counter-tenors with choral interjections. We were informed that "But who may abide" would be sung in the version especially written for the male contralto Guadagni (Gluck's original Orpheus): but in practice the divisions sung by Alfred Deller (though the colour of his voice gave them an unfamiliar sound) seemed identical with those in the Prout vocal score. Why "seemed"? Because this admirable venture had one serious drawback—that its object was largely defeated by the vastness of the Cathedral and its highly resonant acoustics. In slow, homophonic passages the sound of the strings was luminous and beautiful; but moving contrapuntal parts, and almost all semiquavers, whether vocal or instrumental, became so badly blurred that a listener well forward in the nave had to take them largely for granted. To "attempt to regain something of the Chamber Music quality of performance for which Handel conceived the work" is an excellent ideal, but one which could better be realised in a building of more modest size; or alternatively in a B.B.C. studio.

D. S-T.

"The Lady Purrs", at the Embassy

In Row E two well-nourished ladies cackled happily at Alderman Joe Battlebridge (potential Labour M.P.) and Mr. Smythe (not Smith), the young man from Transport House. "I do hope," said one lady, "that Lord Woolton gets this clever writer to make fun of those awful people in the next election." Mr. Willis, I felt, had bought it: his political humour has a bludgeon-like quality, acceptable perhaps in a convivial charade to wind up a trade union conference but calculated, anywhere within five miles of Leicester Square, to make the wrong people laugh at the wrong things. As for Sandra (ex-Ginger), whose transformation from cat to young woman with an awkward knowledge of domestic secrets caused such embarrassment to the Battlebridge household—Eleanor Summerfield purred nicely, and the rest of the company strove manfully. But whimsy magic on the stage needs a lighter touch than Mr. Willis possesses. His final curtain, when Sandra (exorcised by the erotic stimulus of catmint) is replaced by a young "man" who calls himself Julius and announces that the vicar's faithful parishioner, Miss Thackeray, has been his mistress for three years, is neatly contrived. For the rest, Mr. Willis seems to have a single-track mind about cats. They are, I dare say, sexy animals; but fun about beds, bathrooms and aphrodisiacs palls towards the end of three acts. Even cats, I seem to remember, yawn when bored.

A. V.

Paintings by Roy de Maistre, at the Adams Gallery

This retrospective exhibition of paintings executed by Mr. de Maistre between 1932 and the present year is, to one visitor at least, something of a revelation. Why, one wonders, has this English cubist not won the renown of the founder of Vorticism himself, than whom he is in certain respects, decidedly more painterly? Mr. Wyndham Lewis developed the idea: Mr. de Maistre clothes it in harmonious colour and—though it sounds paradoxical—sumptuous paint. Beside the tensely curving planes and facets of these always extremely architectural compositions, a Wadsworth or a Nevinson seem thin stylisation. Invariably Mr. de Maistre puts the paint on beautifully, his slow taut brushstrokes gathering speed as they carve out their arcs and S-lines, or their chiselled straight lines. It is in this—the quality of touch—that he excels Mr. Lewis, for his brush, like Picasso's, is light but firm; feather-sensitive yet iron-sure. But also he orchestrates a far wider range of colours than Mr. Lewis. Mr. Lewis is the more inventive—but often only in a literary sense. Nothing is more impressive than the curving blades which re-create bosom, neck and head in the truly monumental *Seated Figure* (1942), number 29. This is plastic invention of a high order. And there are a number of very large figure compositions which maintain this standard, notably *Christ Falls Under the Cross* (1950); *Seated Figure* (1948); and *The Deposition* (1949).

P. H.

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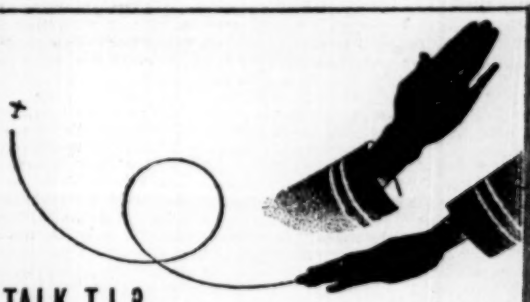

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"Captain Carvallo", at the Theatre Royal, Bristol

Dennis Cannan's second play, presented by the Bristol Old Vic Theatre Company, can safely be expected to make an early appearance in London. Sharing with Bridie and Shaw a predilection for paradox, Mr. Cannan uses an ironical imagination to overturn popular fallacies about love, patriotism and other topics of the times. The principal characters of the self-styled "farcical fable" are a strange collection: a bible-thumping lay evangelist and his apparently placid wife, an atheistic professor of biology, a retired colonel of a middle-European Home Guard, boasting of his cloak-and-dagger missions for the Partisans, and the eponymous Captain whom they would like to kill but whom they spare because he is an admirable dialectician, and an adept at the art of "debunking." Francis Rowe brings a nice refinement to the wife with smouldering passions; David King-Wood makes the celibatarian Professor more than a mere figure of fun; Emrys Jones unfortunately has not the measure of the Captain. *Captain Carvallo* is theatrically most effective; it would have been more successful if the author's political philosophy had been more decisive: if he had learnt more on Shaw and less on Bridie. O. T.

Exhibition of British Book Design, at National Book League

Mr. Harry Carter and Mr. Lynton Lamb, the adjudicators of this year's selection of the hundred best produced English books, both agree that the fault of most of the books entered was the poor quality of their "machining," that good design and the just choice of type were often ruined by the shoddiness of the printing. Their choice of books, however, shows that a few printers are conscious that evenness of pressure and inking are as essential to the perfect book as good paper and design. English book design has benefited from the care which had to be taken during the paper shortage in order to produce a pleasant and readable page, and at this exhibition one peers into the cases or handles the shelf copy with an admiration for the severe simplicity and decency of our native book production. *The Pleasures of Pope*, printed by the Curwen Press, and *London is London*, printed by the Shenval Press, are excellent examples of the general high standard. What one notices, nevertheless, is a certain lack of "liveliness, enterprise, ingenuity in handling tricky copy, elegance, or originality," the qualities which one of last year's judges, Mr. John Carter, suggested the exhibition should encourage. M.S.

Correspondence

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

SIR,—Having some knowledge of the workings of progressive schools in this country, I cannot agree with the gloomy picture painted by James Cameron in your last issue, or with the remedy he proposes for the alleged *impasse*.

I have every sympathy for the case of Sherwood School, and trust that it will overcome its particular difficulties; but one cannot build a theory on one school. Rising costs and the competition of free State schooling affect all independent schools; James Cameron makes no clear case for singling out those schools which are progressive in their methods for his presage of doom. On the contrary, the future looks brighter to us now precisely because our enlightened educational methods are gaining in public estimation. The State schools, by paying lip-service to some of the educational ideals of our pioneers, are helping to convince parents of the desirability of progressive education for their children, even at the cost of half their own tobacco bills. The last twenty years have seen the establishment of a number of new progressive schools, and since the war some schools have increased both their numbers and their waiting lists.

Your contributor begins his article by dealing with economic factors, and ends it considering political factors. Having painted an unworkable future, he envisages the Ministry of Education "saving" or "closing" schools at will. When in the uncertain future the third part of the new Education Act becomes implemented, the Minister will have the power to close any educational establishment catering for five or more children simply by refusing it a licence. Until then schools are unlicensed. I think that few progressive schools have either the need or the desire to be "saved" in the manner suggested. Genuine research in education, like research in many other fields, has considerable vitality, and tends to profit more from the absence of political interference than from any conscientious efforts to "save" it under the wing of officialdom.

Burgess Hill School, TONY GIBSON
11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3.

RESTRICTIONS ON BOOKS

SIR,—The world is in a queer state, but one of the queerest things about it is the treatment meted out to books. According to Emerson, "in the highest civilisation the book is still the highest delight." But the delight shown in books by most of the Governments of the world takes the peculiar form of taxing and hampering their dissemination in almost every conceivable way. A study of the treatment accorded to books in 55 different countries recently made by the Publishers Association has yielded startling results.

Before the late war, thanks partly to the work of the International Publishers Congress, scarcely any country, except the United States, taxed books. To-day the majority hamper their distribution, if they do not directly tax them. Several tax them by weight, not exactly an enlightened manner of measuring their value. Others show greater ingenuity: Brazil, for example, subjects imported books to five different forms of taxation, and in case that is not sufficiently discouraging insists upon Consular Invoices costing nearly £5 on all packets of a value exceeding £9. An Anglo-Brazilian cultural convention has recently been signed. It will be interesting to see whether the Brazilian Government has any real intention of implementing its provisions.

Canada, which ought to be encouraging the import of British books to help to enable us to buy more Canadian produce, has an 8 per cent. sales tax from which books are not, as in Great Britain, wholly exempted. Because the tax is payable on the entry of the books, the unfortunate buyers may have to journey many miles to the nearest Customs Post Office to collect them—in itself a serious deterrent. Pornographic magazines are admitted free of tax.

In Cuba, there are, first, two separate taxes based upon weight; then there is a surcharge of 20 per cent., and finally a 9 per cent. sales tax on duty paid value. In Finland—a country which can boast one of the finest bookshops in Europe—there is likewise a sales tax on the entry of the books and a turnover tax on the enhanced cost. The less said about the difficulties which the French importer of books has to overcome the better, and Italy now levies a duty plus a local tax. The Philippines allow books from the United States free entry, but tax all others 10 per cent. Norway has not yet followed Britain's example in exempting books from sales tax, and even Switzerland has a Customs Tax and a turnover tax affecting books.

The export research department of the Publishers Association has worked out the approximate revenue derived from these various forms of taxing knowledge. The amounts are so small that it is doubtful whether in many cases they even cover the cost of their collection. Ought we to respect a nation which treats books contemptuously? Would it not be true to say that the cultural level of a people could quite properly be measured by its treatment of books? Were this the test many important countries would indeed fare badly.

Britain would come off fairly well, because we fought and won the battle for the exemption of books from purchase tax and now have comparative freedom to import books from all but hard currency countries, and even from the U.S.A. we are entitled to import double the amount (in value) imported before the war. But public opinion has not exerted the same pressure elsewhere. Governments can, and should be made to feel ashamed of treating books as a mere article of commerce without cultural significance.

At the recent Cultural Conference of the European Movement at Lausanne the following resolution was unanimously passed:

That the Cultural Conference of the European Movement deplores the many kinds of obstruction and many forms of taxation . . . which hamper the free flow of books from one country to another and regards it as vital to the well-being of Europe that all such restrictions should be swept away.

The Conference accordingly urges the European Movement to press the various European Governments to take immediate steps to remove all obstacles to the free flow of books.

Furthermore, that the European Governments should be urged to ensure that in the event of shortage of currency, books, in view of their vital character and the relatively small amount of money involved, should be granted priority.

STANLEY UNWIN
President of the International Publishers Congress.

P.S. Since this letter was written I have learnt that, though in the U.K. books are exempt, "book tallies," a novel means of encouraging children to acquire them, are liable to a prohibitive 100 per cent. purchase tax.

THE ELECTION

SIR,—The depressing conclusion that Labour can only win the next General Election by wooing the middle-class vote seems to be spreading rapidly throughout the Party, and is probably accepted by a majority of Labour supporters at all levels. But an analysis of the typical rural and residential constituency of Dorking shows it to be fundamentally unsound.

The Conservative candidate polled 22,000 votes and the Socialist 11,000. Anyone who has canvassed widely in the area knows that the vast majority of the 22,000 are *not* middle class. In fact, however one defines that term it is doubtful if there is a single constituency in the country where the members of the middle class are in a majority. The trouble is quite simply that in a non-industrial area not more than one in two of the working classes is a Labour supporter. Moreover, whatever policies Labour adopts, very, very few of the middle class will change their views. The great bulk of the Tory working class, however, could be converted if only a really intensive campaign could be launched to educate them politically. The first and essential step in this work of education must be the formation of local Labour Parties in as many as possible of the remote villages where at present the Tory organisation is excellent and the Labour organisation non-existent. Who is to take the initiative in forming the parties? It must be realised that it is most unusual for any Labour supporter in the village to have had any political experience whatsoever. The Constituency Party operating from Dorking is 15 to 20 miles from most of the villages, and in many cases an hourly bus is the only means of transport. The conclusion is surely that until Transport House takes the initiative in forming the local parties, there is no hope of winning the Home Counties.

In many of the small towns and villages, once the party is formed, there will probably be enough enthusiasts to keep it going. It is the first step that is the difficulty. But even then its financial resources will be negligible. Since the distribution of plenty of honest to goodness fighting Socialist propaganda is the only possible way of jerking the rural working class into a true appreciation of where its interests lie, it follows that the newly formed parties will have to be fed with free literature on a large scale.

One final question. Where is a paid agent more necessary. In an industrial constituency with a Labour majority of some 10,000 and a flourishing local party capable of carrying on without him, or in the Dorking rural areas where no agent means no Labour organisation? SPENCER SOPER

Horley Labour Party *Hon. Sec.*

SIR,—In the last few months—perhaps a year or so—the theory of Gradualism has effected a modest retirement, due, perhaps, to its embarrassment at the impropriety of events. I have always been interested in the theory, and never so much as now. I believe, however, that it requires a certain restatement—a restatement in particular to show how, after five

years of its practical application, it is possible for the Tories (who were to be gradually extinguished) to be stronger—much stronger—at the end than they were at the beginning. I wonder if any of your readers can account for this? JOHN LAWRENCE

ECONOMICS AND POLITICS

SIR,—Now that Mr. Balogh has come to my aid I feel free to comment, not so much on what Mr. Sovren was moved to say about my personal muddle-headedness in his review of my book *Socialist Economics*, as on the general thesis which his review assumed to be beyond question correct—the thesis that "economic science is an amoral mechanism, like a mechanical brain." It is, of course, quite true that certain amoral techniques of measurement and of logical reasoning, which the economist needs to master as part of his stock in trade, are of immense help in showing that, in given circumstances, will be the likely results of certain courses of action. If, for example, the price of a commodity for which there are substitutes rises more than the prices of these substitutes, without any other change in the situation, it is pretty safe to predict a fall in the demand for the commodity in question, and some increase in the demand for the substitutes—but not *how much* fall, or *how much* rise, or how the rise will be distributed between the alternative substitutes—at any rate, not with any high exactitude. This is only one instance among many in which the economist can give, with the aid of his techniques of comparative measurement, useful answers involving no moral element or judgment of value. It is doubtless *possible* to argue that economists should confine themselves strictly to such processes of measurement, of which I have no wish at all to question the use. But, if they do, they will not be able in any single case even to offer advice about what had best be done; for all such advice involves affirming that *something* is valuable, and therefore involves a moral judgment.

If the professional economists as a body were to stick to this narrow conception of their subject—as I think few of them will in practice be ready to do—it would plainly be necessary to set up side by side with them a second body of persons to do the jobs which they had cast aside; for their purely amoral economics would fail to answer any of the questions of policy to which we need to find answers in order to manage our economic affairs to good purpose. By all means let some economists, whose bent lies that way, specialise in the fields of amoral measurement and of logical deduction aided by mathematical techniques. But why should such specialists find fault with other economists who prefer to face the moral issues which are involved in deciding on courses of action in the economic sphere? There is surely room for more than one kind of economist, just as much as, in business, there is room both for accountants and for directors of policy who have to take decisions about what is to be done.

What I tried to show in my book—written as a report to the Fabian Society and at its request—was that (a) those parts of economics which involve only techniques of measurement and coherent reasoning, and accordingly raise no moral issues, are common to Socialists and non-Socialists; (b) every economist who gives any advice at all about what is the right thing to do steps out of this common field and *implies*, even if he does not openly assert, some judgment of value; (c) Socialists make certain fundamental value judgments (wherein lies their Socialism) which condition their approach to the solution of concrete economic problems, and involve a challenge to the *assumptions* usually made by economists who profess to be treading the strait path of amoral economic science.

G. D. H. COLE

[We have shown Professor Cole's letter to Peter Sovren who replies as follows: Professor Cole and I seem to agree on the nature and use of economics and that economists should do more than confine themselves to techniques of measurement and logical reasoning. But in *Socialist Economics* Professor Cole suggested that Fabians could afford to dispense with a proper economic training provided their moral values were right. I am sure that an uninstructed contempt for one of the social sciences is not an attitude which Professor Cole would really wish to inspire in members of the Society. His book would be salutary reading for students trained in the school of Robbins and Hayek, but it can only encourage the typically Socialist enthusiasm which supposes that in economic affairs we can have our cake and eat it. I might add that by the courtesy of the Editor I have been allowed to express in these columns my strong disapproval of those liberal economists whose influence Professor Cole was so anxious to counteract. In this matter both he and I and members of the Fabian Society are naturally inclined to be on the side of the angels and I was only anxious that those of our readers who might know nothing of economics should be reminded that there is something in it in spite of its orthodoxy, and that sometimes *ce qui vous faire l'ange, fait la bête*.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

A PEACE POLICY?

SIR,—I would agree with Critic that "no one expects the Prime Minister to receive Mr. Pritt's Peace Committee" if indeed it were only mine; but I must disclaim sole ownership of an international body representing 600,000,000 people, which might reasonably have expected to be received by Mr. Attlee.

I write, however, primarily to express my strong agreement with Critic's view that the Government should tell us *its* policy for peace. At present, while the advocacy of peace on the concrete and practical lines put forward by the World Committee for Peace is concealed from the British people by press and radio, the Government succeeds in painting the Marshall Plan as disinterested generosity, the Atlantic Pact as a step towards peace, our colossal armament expenditure as a modest necessity, the American bomber bases and radio transmitters on our soil as unimportant or even helpful incidents, and the danger of war as something relatively remote; and in doing so it can rest assured that the press—with a few exceptions—will not contradict it, and the so-called Opposition will be equally acquiescent, being equally well suited.

I pass over what I know to be the fact—that the U.S.S.R. "seeks peace and ensures it"—because that would simply open the floodgates of anti-Soviet hysteria. But let us concern ourselves with our own country and its immediate prospects. (At the present rate it can have no *long-term* prospects whatever save total destruction in a war by a capitalist state against the Socialist states—a war in which, as Critic notes, Britain would be destroyed as a legitimate target, even if it remained neutral.)

What are our immediate prospects? We now spend more than £2,000,000 a day on the armaments race which is called the Atlantic Pact; but our guiding power, the rulers of the U.S.—spending £17,000,000 every 24 hours on war—seem less secure and confident as each day passes, so that they will demand that we spend more on arms and less and less on social services. Schools, hospitals, health centres will remain unbuilt; bankruptcy, or shooting war, or both, are the only possible results of the present policy.

Is there in all this any positive policy for peace, or any policy at all beyond preparation for war? The country, if not the masked coalition in the House of Commons, will soon demand an answer.

Temple, E.C.4. D. N. PRITT

DISAGREEMENTS

SIR,—In his otherwise fair and discerning review of my *Disagreements*, Mr. Allen writes: "Over-scrupulousness in controversy . . . is not necessary: if, for example, you attack the Marxism of Messrs. Auden, Spender . . . there is absolutely no need to point out that they gave up Marxism ten years ago." Now, on p. 85 I refer to "ex-Marxists such as Mr. Spender," and my critical second chapter is clearly directed against the Marxists of the 'thirties. And when Mr. Allen quotes certain sallies of mine against Catholicism, he omits to mention my several tributes to the Catholic tradition and to Mr. Christopher Dawson, to whom we all owe so much.

R. C. CHURCHILL

"UNFAIR TO THE *N.S. & N.*"

SIR,—On reading your editorial, "Socialism and Defence," in the issue of March 11th, one can excuse, on grounds of haste, such dead metaphors as "clear field," "mopping up purchasing power," and "swollen profits." But "runaway pressure" presents a queer image: and to maintain a full-blown Socialist policy in the field of finance while wooing a floating vote is surely a ruthlessly unfaithful, if not obscene, amorous adventure. EDMUND MORGAN

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Books in General

OLIVER TWIST* is the second novel of Charles Dickens. It was begun before *Pickwick* was finished when he was 26 and in the full conceit and harassing of sudden fame; and *Barnaby Rudge* was started before he had got Nancy murdered and Bill Sikes slipping by accident off the wall on Jacob's Island into his own noose. It is a novel speckled with good London observation, but the critics agree that the book which gave the word Bumbledom to the language is a gloomy and inferior work, stretched out on an incredible plot, blatant with false characters and false speech and wrecked by that stageyness which Dickens was never long to resist. The story is a film scenario full of tears and "ham," an efficacious splurge of Cockney self-pity. On the other hand, the reader must protest that all this is no drawback to his excitement. The popular thriller is generally based on the abstraction of sinister human wishes from the common reality of life; and, willingly suspending disbelief, we can eagerly accept Fagin, even Bill Sikes and Mr. Brownlow, even Nancy and Rose Maylie, as permitted fantasies. Is it because of the hypnotic fame of Dickens or because he is completely responsive to the popular taste for uninspected myth, that all his characters stay in the mind? Only the neurotic Monks and the creaking, sceptical Grimwig, have one false foot in the world of our experience.

The new edition of *Oliver Twist* in the pleasant Novel Library, has the advantage of a really brilliant, melancholy and subtle appreciation by Mr. Graham Greene, a thorough initiate in the art of writing thrillers. It is one of those uncommon prefaces that expertly test the technical merits of a book and enlarge its suggestion. Before turning to his main points, there are two obvious yet easily forgotten virtues in *Oliver Twist* which put what might have been a total failure on its feet. For there is no doubt that *Oliver Twist* "comes off." In the first place it is a literary novel, nourished by Dickens's early reading. The echoes from Monk Lewis, the touches from *Jonathan Wild* in the framing of the portraits of Mr. Bumble or the Artful Dodger, the preface which curiously boasts that at last we are to be given real criminals—except in the matter of bad language—and not romantic ones, are all touching and agreeable glances from a spuce young author towards his tradition. (And, as Mr. Greene shows, we certainly get real thieves' kitchens and the sour poverty of criminal life, the background but not the foreground.) In the second place, the book is given a kind of authority by the frank copying of Fielding's mock heroic and disquisitional moralising. By this Fielding displayed the assurance of his sensible morality, and it is true that Dickens debases the manner by turning it into something journalistic, sprightly and even facetious; nevertheless the manner enabled him to assume a central place in the tale, from which he could exploit, without confusion, the variety of its moods.

It was Mr. Edmund Wilson who first saw the biographical importance of the melodramatic and criminal episodes in Dickens's work. They are for the most part the least successful as literature. They are commonly over-acted and, indeed, too much stress on these and the didactic side of Dickens, is likely to take us away from his greatness. It is all very well for modern critics to neglect the comic Dickens for there, as a writer, he was completely realised. On the other hand, the impurity of Dickens as a creator is an important fact; in his confusions and concealings, strange psychological shapes are disclosed. His relation was with the public which he bowed to and upon whose not always reputable feelings he played. Upon them, as upon an analyst, he enacted a transference. Mr. Graham Greene's main point is, in a sense, an extension of Mr. Edmund Wilson's into the field of religion. He suggests the religious cast of Dickens's imagination:

> How can we really believe that these inadequate ghosts of goodness (Mr. Brownlow and Rose Maylie) can triumph over Fagin, Monks and Sikes? And the answer is, of course, that they never could have triumphed without the elaborate machinery of the plot disclosed in the last pages. The world of Dickens is a world without God; and as a substitute for the power and the glory of the omnipotent and omniscient are a few sentimental references to heaven, angels, the sweet faces of the dead, and Oliver saying, "Heaven is a long way off, and they are too happy there to come down to the bedside of a poor boy!" In this Manichaean world we can believe in evil-doing but goodness melts into philanthropy and kindness . . .

And Mr. Greene ends with this paragraph:

> . . . Is it too fantastic to imagine that in this novel, as in many of his later books, creeps in, unrecognised by the author, the eternal and alluring taint of the Manichee, with its simple and terrible explanation of our plight, how the world was made by Satan and not by God, lulling us with the music of despair?

That is too fantastic, of course, as a description even of Dickens's demonic imagination, of his unconscious as distinct from his conscious, orthodox religion. The terror of *Oliver Twist* is the acted terror inherited from literature and married to personal hysteria. The Manichee is good theatre. But the suggestion is an interesting one and if we follow its lead, we must be struck by the flashes of contact between *Oliver Twist* and the Manichaean myth. The child of light is lost in the world of darkness—the terrors of childhood are the primitive terrors of the dark—from which the far-away elect will save him. When he is saved, the end of the world of darkness, is brought about—Nancy is murdered, Sikes and Fagin are hanged. We might grope farther along the strange tunnels of the Manichaean allegory and discover there a suggestion upon which the Freudian analyst of the tale of ghosts or terror will immediately pounce. These tales are now held to be artistic transpositions of the fear of castration and when one turns (as an ignorant reviewer so often must) to the authority of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, one indeed finds that the thriller writers have pious if tainted progenitors in the fourth century. In their belief "primal man descends into the abyss and prevents the further increase of the generations of darkness by cutting off their roots." What is notable (one reflects) is that the enormous preoccupation of Victorian literature for murderous melodrama—and we remember the horrifying success of Dickens in his public readings of murderous scenes—goes with an extreme sexual prudery in literature. Murder—as the saying is—is "cleaner" than sex. We seem to see a violent age seeking a compensation for its losses.

Whether or not the imaginative world of *Oliver Twist* is without God in the Christian sense we must leave to the theologians; the interest of Mr. Greene's suggestion is the inevitable implication that the emissaries of light, the Elect, are the middle classes. It is Mr. Brownlow and Miss Maylie who come down, to the tune of the ineffable music of the Three Per Cents. Only by sitting at the throne of Grace could they face the abyss of darkness in which the industrial poor, the everlastingly guilty were damned and lived waiting for their doom. Only by making Rose Maylie an angel could the existence of Nancy be assimilated; only by making kindness old-fashioned and respectable, could Sikes be faced as a modern, sullen and temperamental brute. It does not follow, as Mr. Graham Greene suggests, that the evil represented is stronger than the good, in the imaginative effect; the balance between these cardboard unrealities is perfect and a thieves' kitchen always sounds more dramatic and "strong" than a drawing room. And so, too, on a more reputable plane: against the half-dreamed figures of Monk and Fagin at the window that seemed like the imprint of a primitive memory, must be placed those other half-waking intimations Oliver had of some happiness in a far-away past never known. What we are convinced of, even though by the long arm of coincidence, is the long arm of humanity and justice.

Oliver Twist is a literary novel. Magnificent juvenilia is Mr. Graham Greene's just phrase. The plots of Dickens were to improve and one does not know whether to put down their tedious elaboration to Mr. Chesterton's belief that they were an attempt to set out "something less terrible than the truth." That looks like a Chestertonian attempt to put down something more eccentric than a fact. Perhaps Dickens in his exhibitionism wanted to put down something *more* terrible than the truth. Either explanation sharply applies to the disastrous passion for plot general to the Victorian novel. It is a fact that Dickens had the greatest difficulty in inventing probabilities and that may be related to the fantastic turn of his mind.

All the main strains of his genius are crudely foreshadowed in *Oliver Twist*. There is the wonderful clean snap of scene and episode; nearly everything is "realised." Mr. Greene has perceived one of those reflective passages, memory evoking or regarding its own act, which Proust admired, and there are occasional phrases—the absurd servant's face "pale and *polite* with fear"—or touches of detail that show the hand of the master. We recall things like the wisp of human hair on Sikes's club, that sizzled for a second when he threw it in the fire;

* *Oliver Twist*. By Charles Dickens. With an introduction by Graham Greene. *Hamish Hamilton*. 6s.

the notices in the country village warning vagrants to keep out. Sikes's speech is ludicrous —" wolves tear your throats," muttered Sikes— but his death is wonderful ; one remembers the boy at the window taken by surprise when the hanged body drops and shuts off his view and how he pushes it aside. The crude London scenes have the rattle of the streets in them ; it is a novel of street journeys.

Mr. Bumble's proposal of marriage and all the sour and tippling termagants which foretell Dickens's long gallery of patchy and disgruntled women, have the incalculable quality of nature. Dickens (and Forster supported him) believed Oliver to be real ; and indeed he sometimes is. He is hardly the evacuee of our time ; a hundred years had to pass before the happy English middle classes were to discover what a child from the industrial slums could be like. Oliver is simply one of Lord Shaftesbury's little victims. But the misery and the fear of Oliver are very real, his leaning to virtue (now so unfashionable) profoundly convincing. Why should we complain if Vice is over-exposed and Virtue over-exalted ; the convention has the authority of Hogarth, and belongs to the 18th century, the morality to pre-industrial England. Hence —we may be tempted to think—not the absence of God or the taint of the Manichee, but the author's lingering assumption that the belief in justice, the knowledge of retribution and passion of mercy are self-evident in human nature, and that a good dose of terror and a long tangled plot of ill-chance and malignance will bring them out. Dickens was not the first or the last novelist to find virtue more difficult to portray than the wish for it.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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A rose is placed between, and torn,
Dividing, connecting;
By those endless extremities is worn,
Impinging, intersecting;
Hurried on divergent parallels
To shimmer through time's horizontal wells.
Scarlet petals are scattered down the windless glass,
But still the rose is centred in air's fragrant vase.

Now look into yourself, vain man,
Detecting, vivisecting:
Out of life's endless face, seize, if you can,
Selecting and reflecting,
That unfamiliar look's familiar air.
See if you capture (with how long a stare!),
Those infinite refusals of the prisoned mind
That only seeks to know it knows it cannot find.

How are those features fixed, yet thrown,
Consenting, objecting,
Down brilliant tunnellings of bone,
Constructing and correcting!
Such is the nature of this private pain,
The outward never corresponds again
With inward : till the last reflection is undone,
And dying holds a backless mirror to the sun.

JAMES KIRKUP

THE MODERN SCHOLASTICISM

Marx, His Time and Ours. By RUDOLF SCHLESINGER. *Routledge.* 30*s.*

To misrepresent what exactly Dr. Schlesinger thinks or says is probably inevitable and there will almost certainly be unintentional misrepresentation of him in this review. The fault is not with the reader or, at any rate, with the present reviewer, who is of average intelligence and read the book with such fierce determination to understand it that he finds that the notes which he made on it while reading average 40 per 100 pages. He would be unreasonably optimistic if he claimed to understand 4 per cent. of what Dr. Schlesinger says. Of course, in a sense he understands everything which Dr. Schlesinger says, and if the book were set as a special subject in the theological tripos he would expect to get a First Class, probably with distinction. That is to say, he understands Dr. Schlesinger as an intelligent man understands St. Athanasius and the schoolmen who piled their theological Pelions and Ossas upon the unfortunate saint. No one of intelligence can now believe that the saint or the industrious moles who turned the molehill of an unintelligible creed into the mountains of scholastic unintelligibility were talking about anything which had the remotest connection with reality. Indeed, they had lost touch with reality so successfully that they were no longer aware of its existence and so, despite the acuteness of their brains, did not really know what they were talking about. Dr. Schlesinger does for Marx and *Das Kapital*, which began life already a mountain rather than a molehill, what the schoolmen did for St. Athanasius, for while the content of the ancient scholasticism was metaphysics, the modern is concerned with economics and politics.

To understand the schoolman, the highly intelligent man who has left the earth on the wings of dogma and reached a cloud-cuckooland of metaphysics or economics, is always difficult. Dr. Schlesinger contrives to put some formidable stumbling-blocks, peculiar to himself, in the way of his reader. First, there is his own position in the doctrinal maze. On the face of it, he is a dyed in the wool true believer, a Marxist with all the paraphernalia of learning and argument designed to confirm the confirmed Marxist in the belief that Marx (and Stalin), or perhaps Stalin (and Marx), are always right, an orthodox and brilliant exponent of the gymnastics of Communist dialectics. But just as one begins to be lulled into the somnolence of false security—now we know what he is and is at—we discover that he is a heretic of the heretics, that there are streaks of utopianism even in Marx, and that most of the foundations of Communism have disappeared in the enormous clouds and mists of Dr. Schlesinger's argument. And then again there is a turn in the circle, and we find that Trotsky, Americans, and Western democrats are always wrong and that everything is for the best (and true) in the best of Stalinist worlds. One feels that one is not being quite fairly treated, that in the world inhabited by Dr. Schlesinger the rules of the game or of dialectics require that one should be either a true believer or a heretic.

Secondly there is Dr. Schlesinger's style. He writes at immense length in extraordinarily cumbrous language. His sentences, instead of revealing his thought, are too often for the reader merely a succession of blows on the head with a blunt instrument. Here is an example:

> If the sectional interest of the workers finds sufficient opportunity to develop its own sectional standpoint still within the framework of bourgeois society, the mechanism of ideological transition to its successor will be very similar to the preparation of the bourgeois-democratic revolutions by fissures within the official ideology of the pre-bourgeois world, even if the representatives of that standpoint should continuously be denied full academic and similar facilities.

Dr. Schlesinger's book is an amazingly learned analysis of Marx's philosophical, economic, and sociological theories and prophecies. And as his sub-title indicates, he treats his subject historically as well as analytically. No one is or could be better equipped for this task than he. There is nothing which he does not know about Marx and his times, about Marxianism, social democracy, and Communism. He has penetrated into every cranny of the doctrine and dogma. There is nothing, at least in English, approaching in thoroughness his exposition of Marx's teaching, the validity of his doctrine, and its relation to modern Communism and the world of to-day. That being so, it may at first sight seem monstrous to have written of such a work as we have done in the previous paragraphs. But the book is almost entirely valueless unless one accepts the postulates and axioms of Marxian Communism and of Dr. Schlesinger. The present reviewer cannot accept them. Marx was a great man and saw deeper into some of the historical processes of his time than anyone else. But his mental inheritance led him to encumber his penetrating and illuminating work with an economic scholasticism and dogmas divorced from reality. His disciples have buried the original truths by elaborating this scholasticism. The value of Dr. Schlesinger's book consists in revealing the fantastic mountain of argumentation which the Communist has made of Marx. But we believe that the reader two hundred years hence will see that the book is as disconnected from all truth and reality as are the works of the most scholastic of the ancient theologians.

LEONARD WOOLF

"A.J."

A. J. A. Symons. By JULIAN SYMONS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

A stranger, meeting A. J. A. Symons some twenty years ago, saw confronting him a tall, imposing figure, with dark hair swept straight back from the smooth, receding forehead, a sallow complexion, a severe, non-committal mouth, and a chin curling up with determination. But the dominant features of the face were the great jutting nose and deep nostrils, and above all the basilisk eyes, gleaming at you balefully behind a learned pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. His manner was courteous but unwelcoming ; his voice cultured and his tone judicious ; his movements deliberate and always purposeful. Altogether a very careful fellow ; and, no doubt, a formidable one in his own line of business. But what would that line be ?

A glance at his costume would not elucidate the question. His shirt and tie might be startling, and his waistcoat double-breasted. But the suit had no stripe or check ; and the dull pattern of the cloth was obviously in deliberate contrast to the gaudy cuff-links. Only the elongation of the jacket showed a touch of extravagance : that, and the slope of the shoulders, accentuated his six foot three inches of height. Evidently the man was dressed to kill. But who was he aiming at ? Not women : the basilisk gaze did not flicker in that direction. Nor men, either : there was nothing epicene about the elaborate attire. Not even the conventions : the effect being merely bizarre and not at all outrageous, Bohemia was ruled out.

If you entered his country house at Finchingfield in Essex, you were no wiser. The interior was more like a museum than a home. Mother-of-pearl card-cases, glass paper-weights, snuff-boxes and musical-boxes were neatly arranged and laid out for inspection ; and A.J., as his friends called him, took you round like a curator—or an antique dealer. Was that it ? Was the visitor, after reverent admiration, expected to make a discreet offer for some of this Victorian bric-a-brac? To this day I am not quite certain. At least there was a whiff of salesmanship about the host's display of his possessions, of which a guest might easily have taken advantage. If an object on the mantelpiece had hit one's fancy, one could safely have suggested that it change hands at a handsome price, without fear of giving offence

—provided, of course, that the price was handsome enough.

It is unusual for guests even to think of bidding for articles on the mantelpiece, when invited to tea at an English gentleman's country residence; for that was what Brick House at Finchingfield purported to be. There must be something peculiar about the owner. One peculiarity at any rate was not kept long in the background. To lighten the oppressive feeling that was gradually overcoming the party, it was suggested that A.J. should do his famous parlour trick, and forge the signatures of every one present. Sheets of paper and pens were produced in a twinkling, as if kept in readiness. Each person signed their name. A.J. stared intently through his horn-rims at each name in turn; and then dashed off a replica of the signature, of such astonishing verisimilitude that one's own bank manager would have been only too pleased to honour it. The atmosphere of the party grew more oppressive than ever. The sight of that big, soft, white hand grasping the intimate secrets of one's handwriting with such assurance was thoroughly unnerving. Whatever else A.J. may have been, he was a menace.

What else was he? In this candid biography of his elder brother Mr. Julian Symons does what he can to unhitch the cloak of mystery in which A.J. loved to wrap up both his character and his activities. The book will bring great satisfaction to the wide circle of acquaintances, who still cherish a baffled memory of this strange man; and the many members of the Wine and Food Society, which he helped to found and in whose feasts he used regularly to participate, may enjoy a cheap meal for once at their erstwhile secretary's expense. For those to whom he is a mere faded name or who have never heard of him I can recommend this close-up portrait of an uneasy frequenter of the literary underworld during the inter-war decades.

The story of A.J.'s life, as now told by his brother, is that of a ruthless adventurer. Born in 1900 of poor parents, living in Battersea, A.J. left school at the age of 14 and was apprenticed to a furrier for three years. The family's humble circumstances were transformed into opulence by the war of 1914–18. The father became an auctioneer and made a small fortune. A.J. left the furrier, and assisted his father in his Moorgate Auction Rooms. In 1921 the crash came; the Auction Rooms had to be sold; and the family sank back to penury. A.J. was determined not to sink back. He had acquired some knowledge of books, which could be put to some use. He had also acquired some knowledge of human nature; and that could be put to even better use. Conveniently financed by a friend, he started *The First Edition Club* in a single room in Pall Mall. The main object of this club was to exploit the then-fashionable craze for first editions and the vanity of book-collectors. A.J. helped the collectors to find copies of the books they wanted; and then arranged occasions for them to exhibit their treasures before their envious fellow-members. The Club prospered sufficiently to move into larger premises in Bedford Square, where A.J. had a comfortable flat on the top floor as Secretary. But another crash was coming: the finances of the Club crumbled irreparably in those soft, white hands. In 1930, when the mania for first editions expired with the slump, the Club was cleaned out of cash; and A.J. had to move on. In little more than six months, he wrote his *Quest for Corvo*, which was a deserved success both financially and in literary esteem. But fortune was more urgent for A.J. than fame. In 1933 he founded the Wine and Food Society with M. André Simon; and their gargantuan junketings enabled him to live, gastronomically, in style until the third and final crash of 1939, when the war dissipated wine and food into the limbo of day-dreams. A.J. retired to Essex, where he died in 1941 of a haemangioma of the brain, after living for two years comfortably without visible means of support. "No one so poor has lived so well" had always been his boast.

Two of the secrets, which he was so patently hiding all his life, are now revealed by his brother. His father was a Jew and his first name was really Alphonse; although in *Who's Who* he dubbed himself Alroy, after one of Disraeli's heroes.

In many ways A. J. A. Symons was an impostor and a fraud, particularly in his pose as a member of the landed gentry and in his improvised *expertise* in gastronomy. But like most impostors, he was not bogus all through. Dig deep enough and you came to something solid at last. Underneath the snobbery, the artificiality, the charlatanism and the inordinate vanity, he had one saving grace—the ambition to be an artist. True, he wanted to be thought of as an artist by the great world, even more than to be one; and his forging facility made it fatally easy for him to forge a style as readily as a signature. But his *Quest for Corvo* is not entirely derivative, nor are the two chapters on *The Life of Oscar Wilde*, published in *Horizon* in 1941. He had a mouse of true talent, hopelessly embedded in a mountain of affectation. "Alas! how have I played a traitor to my own code" he wrote to his brother in a rare moment of candour or remorse.

That cry of *mea culpa* may save him from being handed down to posterity, linked arm in arm with Churton Collins, as just another "Louse on the Locks of Literature."

RALPH PARTRIDGE

NEW NOVELS

A Voice Through a Cloud. By DENTON WELCH. *Lehmann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Scenes from Provincial Life. By WILLIAM COOPER. *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Truth Lies Sleeping. By BRYAN FORBES. *Methuen.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Denton Welch, who died in 1948 at the age of thirty-one, was a writer of astonishing gifts, which were not discrete and accidental, but cohered in a talent of notable originality and creative eccentricity. If controversy is a test of importance, he was an important writer. His first book was introduced by Miss Edith Sitwell; it was upon his pre-occupation with his own adolescence that Mr. Edmund Wilson, in a recent book, hung some of his rather querulous strictures upon the English.

I remember reading the first pages of *In Youth is Pleasure*. It had been recommended to me with the enthusiasm which one feels is a challenge to one's perceptions. I was prepared to admire or to be irritated; I was at once both, and the school atmosphere of conformist adolescence which Denton Welch evoked heightened these ambivalent reactions. But he was not the school rebel, the conscious aesthete of Henry Green's *Blindness*. He did not want to bounce his readers into accepting any recognised position. The row about whether you became a prefect and got your colours, or wore an overcoat and hung Post-Impressionist reproductions in your study, was not his row. Being out of it he lost not only a gesture and a pose, but also the discipline and the party-card of what one might call the *Out of Bounds* attitude. It is noteworthy that although the Denton Welch of *Maiden Voyage* ran away from school, he returned to it, being quite clear about what he was running away from, but not clear what he was running away *to*. It was the highly personal quality of his non-conformity which dissolved my suspicions; I began to admire wholeheartedly, and my admiration grew as I read.

By the time I got around to *Maiden Voyage*, and had read some of the short stories, I was an enthusiast. The style, the aesthetic sensibility, the stripping perceptiveness, the curiosity, the subtlety and perversity and off-hand mania—they combined in flavours extraordinarily attractive and slightly mysterious. His writing contained things which seemed magically good, evading analysis in the same way that Alun Lewis's *Ward 09(b)* or Dylan Thomas's *Extraordinary Little Cough* seem to me to evade analysis. I felt that I could go on reading Denton Welch for ever. His death was a shock to me as it must have been to his many other admirers who shared my ignorance of his long illness; it was with great pleasure that I heard he had left an almost-completed novel.

A Voice Through a Cloud, as it turns out, is hardly a novel, although it is described as one. It is a further instalment of autobiography, a continuation of *Maiden Voyage* and *In Youth is Pleasure*. Like them, it is remarkably good; all the qualities which one has admired, and which I have tried to indicate, are present. It is also more mature; the subject is a man, and not a boy. It describes, with all Welch's sharpness, insight, and compassion, the life he led after the accident as a result of which, in the end, he died. It is a book about hospitals and nursing homes, doctors, nurses and patients, suffering, indifference, hope, courage and death. Here is a passage which may give some idea of the material and of the style:

> Someone had put a dahlia in a pencil-thin vase on the table in the middle of the room, and as I saw the sun glint on its tongue petals, flashing them into scarlet spears, and on its smaller spoon petals, making them brim over with molten sealing-wax, I was filled with an extraordinary upsurge of delight, a fierce renewal of pleasure. For a moment my whole body was concentrated on the flower; its perfection and pungent colour, and the wonder of its paper-smooth flesh—the face it had on it, somehow all innocence and guile together. I was in the state to make it human: that vibrating scarlet ball set me thinking of everything beautiful away from the ward.

A book of this kind is difficult to criticise, because there is little with which to compare it. In selection and coherence, as well as through being cast in the form of fiction, it is a novel; in the lack of dramatic focus, it is nearer to being a journal. It is Denton Welch's personal form; whether it is a fulfilment of all his talent is not a question which can now be answered. It is, however, a question which will reverberate, because his enigmatic talent will not be easily forgotten.

It is remarkable that one should be able to leave Denton Welch's book and turn to another which does not serve merely to emphasise the loss. Mr. Cooper, however, while raising one or two misgivings, has achieved something of a *tour de force*. If any publisher's reader were asked to describe, off-hand, the elements of the quintessentially unreadable first novel, he would probably mention some or most of the following: the hero who is recently down from Oxford; the hero who is a novelist; the writer who is afraid of being tamed by marriage; homosexuality and italicised conversation (it's been so *overdone*); schoolmastering; and the atmosphere and events of 1938 and 1939. Mr. Cooper uses it all: with considerable aplomb he has written the universal wet, flat, humourless first novel, and made it funny, sad, and readable. Telling the story in the first person he owes a good deal to a robust, man-to-man style, which occasionally skids into a kind of salesman's jauntiness, but is generally kept under good control. *Scenes from Provincial Life* is a wonderfully good, improbable, appropriate title for this book, with its dingy Grammar School, its favourite café, its lovers' meetings by the Town Clock, its flashy swimming pool, its week-end cottage in the country. This is the jungle through which the sex-war moves like a tiger, leaving a trail of jealousy, possessiveness and remorse, withdrawing to permit afternoons given up to passion and calm. It is embodied in Joe Lunn (the name is an illustration of Mr. Cooper's not altogether happy note of Saloon Bar mateyness) and Myrtle, and it is an indication of the author's originality that although Joe is the narrator, it is Myrtle who kisses and he who extends the cheek. He won't marry her; for one thing she does not believe in his writing, and for another he won't submit to marriage. The banal elements are thus quite extraordinarily banal, but it is exactly when he is treating emotion seriously, rather than when he is treating attitudes matily, that Mr. Cooper is at his best. All the same, he has a real vein of straightforward comedy: there are bits of *Scenes from Provincial Life* which

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are exceedingly funny. In its way this book also leaves a question hanging in the air; Mr. Cooper appears to have chosen his path for the pitfalls which it provides. If he goes on like this he will need luck as well as skill to avoid them. One wishes him all the luck in the world, but one would prefer that he didn't need it.

"Years Ago," writes Mr. Forbes on one of his stories, "I read a book called *A Farewell to Arms*. Perhaps I was too young to read it . . ." A disarming remark; in any case, if one means to digest the Hemingway style, one can't start on the job too young. These slightly too laconic stories—and particularly the more scrappy ones.. suggest that the master is still lying rather heavy on Mr. Forbes's stomach. The best are the least laconic—the more dramatic and frankly emotional. *No Diver Brings Up Love*, being the most honest and natural, and the least clever and "well written," seems to me to be the best. There are flashes, in these stories, of something oddly good: a remark, for example, about someone detecting, in someone else's voice "the sacred and profane remains of an Irish accent." This, I thought, had a mysterious appeal.

J. D. SCOTT

ADVENTURE STORY

Private Army. By VLADIMIR PENIAKOFF. *Cape.* 16s.

Sometime about 1930 there might have been observed, crawling into the uncharted sea of sand to the west of the middle valley of the Nile, a Ford car of strange proportions driven by a solitary traveller. The car and its driver, a Belgian of Russian extraction and exotic education, made many journeys across the sand, always venturing a little farther and a little more securely as the driver's practice of navigation improved, until, by 1939, the driver felt himself capable of getting solo as far as the ghoulish mountain of Oweinat, which is 700 miles to the south-west of Cairo. The driver's reasons for wanting to do this, as far as one knows, were merely to escape the dreary corruption of Levantine life, and to give himself a purpose—or perhaps a sense of purpose. He was dreadfully bored with life.

In the event the driver never travelled to Oweinat; instead, he found his purpose in the war. Upon this he seized with a vigour and imagination which, unexpectedly enough, he has known how to put into words. His amazing and admirable success at making war is recorded in *Private Army*, which is a fine work of description, subtle and yet forthright, and a war story of heroic dimensions. For about five years "every moment was consciously happy." The war gave him the release from boredom and the scope for self-assertion that he needed; and he took the chance with both hands. Although he owed England no more than love of a "somewhat ridiculous fervour"—and how refreshing to find a foreigner who likes England intelligently and critically, for the substance and not for the pomp and circumstance—Mr. Peniakoff began by sending his savings to the British Treasury and then, though baulked by every skill and artifice of Middle East Command, managed at last to enrol himself in the British Army. There followed several years of brave and brilliant campaigning. At the end of these, in 1945, the solitary driver of an ancient Ford emerged as a much-loved and much-respected officer of His Majesty's Eighth Army.

Having bustled and bamboozled the base-wallahs into allowing him a share in England's war, Mr. Peniakoff evaded a last attempt to prevent him from actually taking a gun in hand, and joined his fortunes to those of the Libyan Arab Force. With these he went into Cyrenaica early in 1942, at a time when the arrival of German reinforcements coincided with Wavell's weakness after the fiasco in Greece, and took part in the battles between Derna and Tobruk. But he was not content; compared with the ease and experience of the 4th Indian Division, to which the Libyan Arab Force was temporarily attached, his own unit looked silly and second-rate. It was clearly destined for an inglorious demise and would end the war, probably, guarding prisoners in the far rear. Mr. Peniakoff had no taste for guarding prisoners; his urge was rather for the taking of them. He returned to Base and carved for himself a new command. There came into being "a new detachment called the 'Libyan Arab Force Commando'."

There began, from that moment, a strange Odyssey. This Belgian of Russian extraction, burdened with a name so outlandish that the Eighth Army found it more convenient to call him "Popski," was given an inch but took a mile. He dared and improvised until he acquired a little company of men upon whom he could rely. He won the liking and confidence of the Long Range Desert Group, an *élite* unit which spent its time in scouring the desert for hundreds of miles to the enemy's rear and gave its liking and confidence to none but the best. He established himself for a season in the Jebel beyond Tobruk, put strength and stomach in the chiefs of the Senussi, blew up dumps of petrol and ammunition from time to time, raided into enemy garrisons upon missions of "alarm and despondency," counted enemy transport for Army Intelligence, and finally, in a climax of good planning and tough fighting, helped with his men to plot the land on the left flank of the Mareth Line through which Montgomery made his famous "hook." From there he carried straight on into Tripolitania, where he confirmed the suspicions of First Army that Eighth Army people were not really gentlemen.

Very much a soldier now, the Popski that was Peniakoff lost no time in sorting out new missions for himself and his unit. He missed the landings in Sicily, but went in with the Airborne Division to Taranto soon afterwards. In short order he took his armed jeep patrols northward into the enemy's rear again, moving now with the disadvantage of a dubious population, and reported the exact strength of the enemy units holding the perimeter of hills round Taranto. This in itself was an astonishing performance. By a stroke of luck he found an Italian who had had dealings with the German quartermaster's staff; the same night he motored into town, knocked the quartermaster on the head, and made off with full details of the German ration strengths. In this rousing and rumbustious manner Popski's Private Army shot and skidded its way through the whole Italian campaign. North of the Abruzzi they found native allies again. Partisan units were fighting the Germans. Popski found them good soldiers. His story of their self-sacrifice and staunchness is a moving and important part of a book which never gives way to immodesty or mock heroics.

This book stands out among others of its kind for its honesty and wit. A rare bird indeed, Popski was not the foreigner—there were always plenty of those—who is satisfied by being admitted to "the best messes"; on the contrary, he found the officers of the British Army often inferior in morale and singleness of purpose to the men. "Most of our men had a secondary-school education," he writes of his unit, "none had been at a public school or a university. With two or three exceptions they came from working-class families, mostly with an urban background. . . ." With recruiting officers he was less successful:

> The rule to which I stuck, that every new officer should revert to his war-substantive rank, was a great stumbling block. While the other ranks forwent their stripes cheerfully, the officers clung to their rank; they had climbed to the dignity of temporary captain or major, and the prospect of going down again upset them. At any rate they wanted the assurance of quick promotion, which I couldn't give, as my only vacancies were for lieutenants. And most of the lieutenants who offered themselves were little idiots—or had something wrong with them: they drank, or they lost their memory or suffered from delusions.

Private Army deserves high rank in the annals of the war, not only because it tells of ambush and

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BASIL DAVIDSON

TO THE SOUTH

Ilex and Olive. By MICHAEL SWAN. *Home & Van Thal.* 16*s.*

Once again the writer is making his journey to the *zone méridionale*—a piece of literary dilettantism which the social conscience of the Thirties and the stronger preoccupations of the Forties drove out of fashion. Why to the South? A weight of literature hangs at his heels; an air of hurried leisure marks his passage; we are aware of his compulsion to arrive and return, of his anxiety to write the essay which justifies the journey. Mr. Swan, in his account of a visit to Southern France and Italy, shows both the attraction and the restlessness. I read his book with pleasure; it is very well written. It is as interesting, however, for its uncertainties, which answer many questions about the validity of the genre itself.

An outline of Mr. Swan's journey shows that he stops at Paris, Avignon, the marshy and feverous Aigues-Mortes, with its squat towers and its cruel history, at Cannes, Nice ("the South Kensington of the Midi"), Vicenza (where, like Beckford, he is able to "applaud the genius of Palladio"), at Venice with its necrophilic topography, at Florence, at "the great baroque trap" of Rome, at Naples, at Capri. A further excursion takes him to Corsica, "a country for Rousseauists"—it is tempting, often, to quote Mr. Swan's phrases. Nevertheless, I ask myself if this well-worn ground can produce again a work of any real distinction. Is it necessary, indeed, to travel at all to write this essentially personal book? The answer might be that a new scene separates us conveniently from our kind; unembarrassed by familiar conventions and the critical eye of our friends, we are more likely to feel detached, alert, relaxed, receptive, bold, privileged, unique, to bear through all misadventures a charmed life. It must be so, for the traveller with tastes aesthetic rather than social can no longer give us news. We have seen for ourselves the Anthropophagi and men whose heads grow beneath their shoulders. Venice, St. Peter's, Capri, Cap Ferrat, the urchin touting for his sister, the Hemingway girl in the bar (I take these samples from *Ilex and Olive*)—we know them all. The bright sunshine, the beggars, the beautiful decaying stone persist: the traveller, only, passes. And so, ultimately, whether he is Herr Baedeker or Mr. Norman Douglas, it is what he brings himself alone that counts.

Thus, we come to Mr. Swan's equipment. It includes (I use his words) "a fondness for topography and architecture, a fairly observant eye, and an old-fashioned love of the picturesque." He has sensibility and intelligence. He has also read his Smollett, his Young, his Landor, his Byron, his Forster, his James—yes, and his Ruskin, and many, no doubt, of his more obscure predecessors. All these things are in his favour. But there is a weakness in his book—a want of unity, not merely in manner, but in the author's conception of himself. He tries on one mask and then another. To compensate, perhaps, for a possible thinness, he interpolates essays, on Henry James in France, for instance; and on Palladianism in architecture; they are considered, elegant and full of interest, but they are clearly written at another time from the main journey and in another tempo. Then there are interludes of narrative. The Hemingway situations we do not believe in for a moment. As James, he is more convincing, at any rate more charming; there are two episodes, at least, in the James manner, and beautifully told. One concerns a meeting with an elderly English couple at Venice; the other, a young American girl living intensely and unhappily through European art. In both stories there is death, but without melodrama. Other characters suggest, I think, Maugham (with whom, by the way, Mr. Swan has a conversation on contemporary authors). It may be possible still for a travel book to be as good as its writer. But because of an irresoluteness of impulse *Ilex and Olive* can be a great many things—entertaining, bright with ideas, a pleasure to read—anything, in fact, but important.

It is interesting, though, that Mr. Swan's aestheticism, touched a little by guilt, is, after all, of our own time. Beckfordian aesthete as he is by temperament, he finds detachment impossible. Ethical if not social values keep breaking in. Thus he is able to find as moral a basis in the Humanist architecture he loves as in the Gothic with its reputation for piety. It is an agreeable piece of pleading, an extension of Ruskin's: "There is something in visible forms which is correspondent to intemperance in moral habits." Switching over in Mr. Swan's manner, I would like to conclude with his own conclusion, in which Sir Max Beerbohm, in his villa at Rapallo, tells him a tale of James and Wells. But lorries are passing, and Mr. Swan hears only the tantalising final sentence. It is a very pretty ending indeed.

NAOMI LEWIS

FRANCHISE OF THE AIR

British Broadcasting. By R. H. COASE. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Rightly or wrongly, the views may be held, say, that Marshall Aid has distorted national economies, with results ultimately disastrous for Britain; that a *de facto* occupation of parts of England by the U.S. Air Force does not enhance either our security or our self-respect; that the political and cultural influence of the Roman Church is wholly evil; that plural marriage and abortion should, with due safeguards, be legalised in this country. Such views, I say, may be held; but by no stretch of the imagination is it conceivable that they would be permitted expression in any B.B.C. programme. For better or worse, British broadcasting has been developed under monopolistic conditions by a quasi-sovereign public corporation whose conception, in Lord Reith's words, of "retaining standards" or, as Sir William Haley puts it, of "absolute impartiality in all matters of controversy" excludes decisively all opinions which are heretical, provocative or calculated to offend any entrenched interest. This is not to say that the B.B.C.'s output is bad or boring: it is even arguable that commercialised broadcasting might have treated the public to something much worse than the "safe", Liberal mug-wumpery, with a strong tinge of official Christianity, which it has got from the Corporation. Nevertheless, the fact that the franchise of the air is effectively denied to unpopular minorities—even Mr. Churchill was barred during the Munich period—and that a blacklisted artiste or commentator has no alternative access to listeners, is in itself surprising. How has it come about that a democratic country accepts, without much evidence of protest, a totalitarian monopoly of broadcasting which it would emphatically reject in the press?

That is the question which Mr. Coase is concerned to answer; and his objective, carefully documented study will be found indispensable to a clear understanding of the problem. It is typical of English empiricism that, in the early days when broadcasting was regarded less as a service in its own right than as an adjunct to the business of manufacturing listeners' sets, the drift towards monopoly had its origin in the disinclination of the Post Office to face the invidious task of deciding which firms should receive a transmitting licence. In 1923, the Sykes Committee reported in favour of public control as an essential step to prevent chaos from over-lapping, competitive wavelengths; but it is by no means clear that the Committee was thinking in terms of a production,

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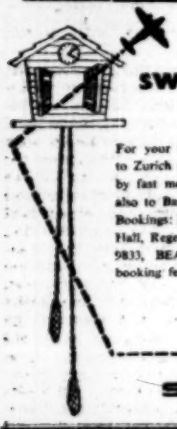

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as opposed to an engineering, monopoly; indeed, it saw no objection to occasional sponsored concerts. Between 1923 and 1925, when the Crawford Committee reviewed the question, the big change in the situation was that the dominant personality of Lord Reith, who became General Manager of the Broadcasting Company in December, 1922, and regarded the concern even then as a "public utility service," filled the vacuum in public and parliamentary opinion. The Crawford Report, which led to the Charter of the B.B.C., did little more than propose that statutory sanction should be given to a monopoly whose qualities Lord Reith had stereotyped.

When one looks back over the past twenty-five years, it is clear enough, as Mr. Coase does well to stress, that the advocates of monopoly made adroit use of the factors in their favour. It is also clear that a confusion of mind (which I hope Mr. Coase's book will dispel) existed throughout between public control and monopoly, between technical and cultural desiderata. The monopoly-mongers could count on the newspapers to support them against stations, at home or even abroad, which might attract advertising revenue (as Continental stations did in 1938 to the tune of £1,700,000) away from Fleet Street. They could appeal successfully to the cultured against an uncivilised interspersal of Prokoviev with Pep Pills, to the Post Office technicians against an invasion of unauthorised wavelengths, to the Churches against the threat of jazz on Sunday morning, to the bourgeoisie against the menace of transmissions from King Street, and to the whole Labour movement against the much more real danger that commercial broadcasting would be dominated, like the press, by capitalistic "Barons." Thus it came about that in 1935, when the Ullswater Committee was appointed to review, once more, the "organisation of broadcasting in Great Britain," only one of its members (Lord Selsdon) dissented from the principle that nothing must be allowed to shake the B.B.C.'s monopoly of the air, and that even "relay" services must be severely restricted in their selections for their subscribers lest the "balance" of the Corporation's programmes be upset. Thus was finally endorsed the B.B.C.'s claim to exercise, in listeners' interests, not merely an engineering but a programme monopoly—a claim in whose pursuance there has been consistent opposition to competition from any form of wire broadcasting, even by relay.

This cultural dictatorship obviously makes Mr. Coase uneasy—as, indeed, it did the Corporation's late Director-General, Sir Frederick Ogilvie. Mr. Coase is a political economist, not a propagandist; and he is clearly not out to attack either the B.B.C.'s good intentions or their product. But, having examined the case for monopoly—as distinct, be it understood, from State control in some form—he reaches the conclusion, and convinces at least one reader, that "the technical arguments are incorrect, the arguments on grounds of finance unproven and those on grounds of efficiency inconclusive." The current Charter of the B.B.C. expires at the end of 1951. Before renewing it, and thereby re-endorsing the "unified programme policy" which is the only real basis for the claim to monopoly, Parliament will do well to reflect how little real consideration has yet been given to proposals which have been put forward for changes in organisation—from Dr. W. A. Robson's suggestion, in 1935, that the Regions should be given real programme autonomy, to the scheme propounded in 1944 by the *Economist* for three competing enterprises, one a public corporation, one a co-operative venture and the third a commercial concern.

Whether there can be said to be a Socialist broadcasting policy, I do not know. If there were to be one, it should proceed, I think, on the assumption that powerful "national" transmitters using the medium waveband must be the preserve of agencies of the State, no matter how colourless the resulting "impartial" product. I am not competent to estimate whether listeners and performers would fare better or worse if the Regions or the three Programmes each had a separate board of Governors; but it would take a lot to persuade me that private capital should be permitted—either by direct investment or indirectly, by advertising—to control a national network. The same considerations, however, do not apply to stations whose transmissions do not interfere with national wavelengths—e.g., frequency modulation or wired broadcasting—and whose audiences would not be extensive enough to attract much Big Business advertising even if they were accorded the right, under a strict code of ethics and aesthetics, to sell "time." Many readers of Mr. Coase's excellent and stimulating book will probably amuse themselves by working out schemes which preserve the essentials of unified engineering control yet rid monopoly of its deadening effects without incurring political and social dangers. For my own part, I can think of no better plan than the licensing (with perhaps some financial assistance from the State) of local F.M. or "wire" stations run by approved bodies such as municipalities, educational institutions, Co-ops., trade unions or other recognised Societies. Such stations would doubtless relay much of the B.B.C.'s often admirable output; but they would also originate their own programmes (which, incidentally, they would have a chance of selling to the B.B.C.), and they would serve the useful purpose of providing the national programme-makers with a challenge, and of ensuring that heretics and "premature antis" had at least some chance of escaping complete disfranchisement from the air.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Formal Spring. French Renaissance Poems with translations by R. N. CURREY. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The earliest of the poets represented in *Formal Spring*, Guillaume de Machault, was born in 1300; the last, Marie Stuart, died in 1587. In his excellent preface, Mr. Currey describes the historical background as one of "famine, squalor, superstition, cruelty and disease. . . . The townspeople lived over open sewers, crowded to weddings, preaching and executions, screamed for blood and cried for pity, rang church bells continuously for days, carried on their undersized bodies and sunken faces the marks of horrible disease, and probably died of the plague." These conditions are evident enough in the works of Villon, but even the nobility were not as chivalrous or as fortunate as the court poets of the time have led us to believe. "Ugly little men at 14, they were old and bent at 45: as late as the sixteenth century women were thought to be at their loveliest at 15." Yet some of the most spontaneous and ecstatic poetry in the French language was produced in those centuries. Mr. Currey's collection of forty of these poems contains many that are unfamiliar and not easily accessible. The grammatical rondel by Charles d'Orléans, Olivier Basselin's poem *To his Nose*, Ronsard's *Epitaph on Rabelais* and du Bellay's epitaphs on his dog and cat are masterpieces of light verse and deserve to be more widely appreciated. Other poets represented are Eustache Deschamps (by his exquisite virelay *Sui je belle ?*), Christine de Pisan, Clément Marot and Louise Labé. The translator has avoided the clichés and anachronisms so dear to the Pre-Raphaelites; all his renderings are alive, enjoyable and accurate. The original texts are provided.

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Four to Fourteen. By KATHLEEN LINES. *Cambridge University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A children's librarian wishing to fill gaps in her shelves, an uncle anxious to give a reading-minded nephew the right Christmas present, a boy wanting the name of a good book on radar or printing, will all find this compilation extremely useful. It was originally made for the National Book League in 1940; it has now been revised and greatly enlarged. Twelve hundred books, grouped in sections, are crisply described in a few lines each. The list goes well outside conventional notions of children's books. *Moby Dick*, *Jane Eyre*, Masefield's *In the Mill* are here; so is Osbert Lancaster's *From Pillar to Post* and the Abbé Breuil's *Beyond the Bounds of History*. The compiler has shown imagination, taste, and a grasp of the importance of good looks and good print in the books we offer our children.

Courage and Fear. By REMY. *Arthur Barker.* 15*s.*

Courage and Fear is the sequel to Colonel Renault-Roulier's previous book *The Silent Company*, which was awarded the Prix Victoire. It continues his account of the activities of his underground organisation in France, the Confrérie Notre Dame, from June, 1942, to November, 1943. Throughout the period covered by the previous book the author was at the nerve-centre of the network in France; during some of the period of *Courage and Fear* he was in London, the organisation had grown, and some of its members were fighting separate battles in the hands of the Gestapo. Therefore, from motives of personal modesty and a desire for absolute accuracy, the second book is no longer written entirely from a personal standpoint, but often as a report of the activity of others. Where the story remains an account of personal experience it lives and moves, but where it is deprived of the experiences of a single person to knit it together, the narrative spreads out into a trackless delta of anonymous heroism. Loneliness, pseudonyms, constant changes of plan and the disasters of betrayal were the Confrérie Notre Dame's conditions of work. But there seems, in the book to be a confusion between matter and manner. One must be grateful for a permanent record of an important section of the French "underground," but it would be possible to feel an even keener sympathy with the acts of bravery and faith that sustained it—and not least the author's—if they had been placed more clearly in relation and perspective.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,049

Set by Naomi Lewis

A correspondent has recently pointed out that *Alice in Wonderland* could not have been told first on Carroll's "golden afternoon" of July 4th, 1862, because the records of the Meteorological Office show that the weather then was "cool and rather wet"—no day, in short, for a picnic. The usual prizes are offered for a letter to *The Times* of not more than 150 words suggesting some such trivial discrepancy in any other English literary work. Entries by April 4th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,046

Set by Richard Lister

A civil letter of thanks, of not more than 150 words, after a country week-end during which you had, among other things, to wash up, chop wood,

play games with the children, cycle five miles for the rations your hostess had forgotten, and be present at the inopportune arrival of the black sheep of the family.

Report by Richard Lister

The majority of competitors seem to be a very "towny" lot—and clumsy too. They arrived back from their week-end so bruised and battered that they could hardly write at all, much less produce the delicacy of irony needed to reconcile the epithet "*civil*" with what they had gone through. Few sustained the note, though many struck it once or twice. Thus, M. Jameson: "I am so sorry I can't come to you for Easter. I'm due to stay with a very tiresome Earl—butlers and Daimlers and all—you know the kind of thing." Or Stanley Sharpless: "It's natural your wife should want to punish Diana for smashing my glasses. . . But please tell her not to. Or not very much. The optician says he can rush me a new pair through in 3-6 months." Or Dorothy Wright: "Here is the analyst's address for your uncle . . . I shouldn't have taught the children *Frankie and Johnnie*. Of course he misjudged my character." Or Dik: "I well realise your embarrassment at Edward's unexpected arrival on Sunday, but I assure you I did not in the least mind surrendering the mattress; and one plate extra at table was hardly noticeable among the others." Others in the running were Adrian Carpenter, Frank Pavry, Esme Kelly, S.W.H., Colin Shaw, R. Lee, L. V. Upward. A guinea to each of the entries printed below.

Dear Celia,

A thousand thanks for having me. My breath of country air did me a world of good and I am feeling so fit and happy now in my poky little flat—but it is very handy to the store where I get my rations.

Sitting by my electric fire I picture you in your lovely big kitchen, working through the family washing-up; later on—I hope—you will carry in some of those logs I managed to chop and enjoy their blaze while you darn and patch. After romping with your splendid youngsters, I understand how every evening is "a make and mend"!

You were so sweet and sympathetic, dear, about my "lonely spinsterhood,"—but I am completely reconciled to it.

So glad I had that unexpected glimpse of your husband. I'm afraid his journey had upset him—but, no doubt, he slept off its effects.

Affectionately, Connie.

M. Trench

Maricita dear,

Just a line to thank you for the *delightfully* bracing week-end. Afraid I was rather severe on your soap rations when washing up, and now have the *dreadful* misgiving that my unpractised hands ruined the edge of your dear little hatchet. *Please forgive.* Like old times being on a bicycle again—some of those pre-war machines are still *quite* serviceable. In former days I'd have thought *nothing* of five miles, now the car has made me *so* lazy. It *was* exciting, your brother Wilfred arriving unexpectedly. Poor fellow. He *has* changed, really I didn't know him. Do you *not* think treatment might do him good, modern psychiatrists are marvellous? Your little Sidney is his *image*, and like all your children, splendid at games—easily beating me. Sid and the others are small, I *hope* they grow a lot before I see them again.

Forever thine, Marthina.

Robert Gaffikin

Dear Mrs. Hardy,

Thank you so much for a memorable week-end. We felt much refreshed, after we got home. You were quite right about what bicycling does to one—I feel quite different since that ride. Fancy, we *both* dreamt about the children last night!—it gave us such a happy awakening. We now look upon your dear little pantry as almost a second home, so warm and familiar; and Jack still raves about your woodshed and all those logs! Thanking you again.

Yours sincerely, Betty Baddeley-Bitterne.

P.S.—Remember us to your cousin. Would you mind asking him to send on Jack's macintosh and cigarette case (the gold one) to this address?

L. B. J.

Dear Meg,

Have they let you see Robert yet? It was so unfortunate that my visit should coincide with his illness.

But don't worry: after a long quiet rest away, he'll return fighting fit—you see! I'm afraid the children found me a poor substitute; your brother was much better fun.

Extraordinary, his turning up like that. Not a bit like you, my dear: such a rum sense of humour. But it was odd that the baby just wouldn't call him Daddy too wasn't it?

I feel rather loose-endish, being back home. Old Mrs. Bradley does absolutely everything. She's worked miracles with my finger and it's healing nicely (she, personally, swears by fire-lighters).

Let me hear how Robert is. As ever,

Charles.

P.S.—Be careful with your bicycle. My knees did something queer to the three-speed: they also scattered the bell all over the market square. So Sorry.—C. G. J. H.

Dear Molly,

What a week-end! A household like yours shows us stuffy town-mice just what we miss. All those endless gossips over the washing-up! The romps with the children—dear things, so ready to accept one as their equal! The *smugness* of toasting one's toes at a blaze one has *laboured* to provide! Then that glorious windy climb to your quaint little market town and the lovely long *scribbler's eavesdrop* in the queue before plunging *headlong* home again! (Did I remember to tell you your back brake was broken?) And never did I *dream* I'd be present at the return of a real *prodigal*—so well-timed too, with Vicar there to tea!

Back in my little flat I realise how *right* my doctor was when he said I should enjoy life again after a complete change. Thank you a thousand times for that change.

Yours affectionately,

Margaret Uberoom

Dear Pandora,

I got back all right. That was the *slow* train. They took the fast one off last May. My wire hadn't arrived, so Jocelyn must have put "Highbury" instead of "Highgate" after all.

Excuse uneven writing—it's the bandage. Which reminds me, could you possibly see if I dropped my bangle in the woodshed—either there or by the sink? Sorry—it was the rush at the end and the confusion of seeing Francis again after all those years. He's got very Australian, hasn't he?

Hope peace reigns in the nursery to-day. Sebastian and Sary Ann certainly are wonderfully lively! And I shall always remember my "Dick Turpin's last ride" on Saturday afternoon. And he wasn't carrying six of gran. and two of lump.

Well, thanks so much, Pandora. It was sweet of you to ask me, especially with no help.

Love, Mary. Audrey Morris

CHESS: Homage to a British Master

No. 29

Among the rich crop of suggestions in the "How Far Can You See?" competition, there was one I found particularly pleasing. T. A. Jackson (duly to be rewarded by the usual chessbook token), sent in two examples of "far-sightedness" on the part of F. D. Yates—"a British master who does not always get the recognition he deserves." I suppose most readers will agree with Jackson. I certainly do, though it is only fair to remember that W. Winter and others, soon after Yates's untimely and tragic end, paid him due—overdue!—tribute by a handsome collection of his best games.

One of those submitted by Jackson had been previously used in this column. The other one is Yates's famous game against Vidmar — San Remo 1930—where, in a seemingly hopeless position, he pulled out a win like this:

36)	Kt-K7 ch ! !	(42)	P x Kt	P-Kt6
(37) K-R1	Q-K3	(43)	P-R3	P-Kt7
(38) Q-Q8	R-R1	(44)	Q-K15	P-B6
39) Q-K15	Kt x P	(45)	Q-K17	K-Kt2
40) Kt x KBP	Kt-B4	(46)	P-Q7	R-Q1
(41) Kt-Q6	Kt x Kt	and Black soon won.		

Speaking of the late master's "far-sightedness," we might as well have a look at this pretty little game—Yates-Haida, Marienbad 1925—with a final combination, ten moves deep and containing a good many variations which readers should find out themselves.

(1) P-K4	P-QB4	(14)	Kt-K4	P-Kt3
(2) Kt-KB3	P-K3	(15)	QR-Kt	P-Q4
(3) P-Q4	P x P	(16)	B x B	R x B
(4) Kt x P	Kt-KB3	(17)	Kt-Kt5	P-K4
(5) Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(18)	Q-R4	P-K5
(6) B-Q3	Kt-B3	(19)	R x P ! !	P x R
(7) Kt x Kt	KtP x Kt	(20)	B-B4ch	K-B1
(8) O-O	O-O	(21)	Q-R6ch	R-Kt2
(9) P-K5	Kt-K1	(22)	Kt x Pch	K-K2
(10) Q-Kt4	B-K2	(23)	Q-Kt5ch	K-Q2
(11) B-KR6	P-KB4	(24)	R-Qtch	Kt-Q3
(12) P x Pe.p.	R x P	(25)	Kt-B6ch	K-K2
(13) B-KKt5	R-B2	(26)	Kt x Pch	resigns

For this week's competition here are three studies, none of which is quite as easy as it looks. White to win in each of them. Usual prizes. Entries by April 3rd.

A: Vidmar (ca 1922)

B: van Vliet

C: Przepiorka (ca 1920)

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 24

(Set on March 4)

A: (1) P-B7, Q-R2. (2) Q-B6ch, Q-Kt2. (3) Q-R4ch, Q-R2. (4) P x R(Q)ch, K x Q. (5) Q-K8ch, K-Kt2. (6) Q x RPch, etc.
B: After (40) . . . B-R4 ch. (41) K-Kt1, B-Q5ch. (42) K-R1, R-KBch. (43) K-B2, B-K4ch. (44) P-Kt3, etc. (After 43) . . . B-K8ch. (44) K-Kt3, R-K6ch. (45) K-Kt4, etc.

Relatively few failures and dozens of correct solutions. No space to mention them all. Prizes shared between Alfred Eva, D. Finburg, F. A. Rhoden. Finburg found out that Ernst could have countered Träger's R-QKt1 with Q-R6ch, followed by the unanswerable R-R3. Eva told a sad story of a brilliant win missed in a time scramble, after his offer of a draw had been refused. Rhoden's story is even sadder: five minutes to spare for the crucial last move; forgetting all about time in the thrill of discovering and analysing a subtle knockout blow; triumphantly writing down the devastating move; flag dropping, just as he was about to make it.

Since some competitors still seem to be confused by the numbering of reports I will repeat the explanation: each report refers to the competition three weeks earlier, the difference of 5 in the numbers being due to the fact that twice last year we had no competition. Abbiac

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen. Lectureship in Social Psychology. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Psychology. Salary £550–£800 or £800–£1,100, according to qualifications and experience. In addition a children's allowance of £50 per annum for the first child and £40 per annum for each subsequent child under 16, or while the child is undergoing full-time education, is payable. The person appointed will take up duty on October 1, 1950, or as may be arranged. The University pays a proportion of furniture removal expenses. Applications should reach the Secretary to the University (from whom forms of application and conditions of appointment may be obtained), by April 15, 1950. H. J. Butchart, Secretary, University of Aberdeen.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Professor of French. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applics. must be received on or before April 17, 1950.

BBC invites applications for post of Drama Producer, Television Service. Candidates should have experience of production in stage, films or radio, preferably in two of these three. Ability to adapt scripts to television requirements is desirable, and a sound knowledge of plays and actors essential. Starting salary £750 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by £50 to £1,100 maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days marked "Drama Producer N.Stm." For acknowledgement enclose stamped addressed envelope.

BBC invites applications for post of Siamese Programme Organiser, Far Eastern Service. Duties involve supervision of Siamese Section and co-ordination of duties of Programme Assistant, together with planning and production of programmes. This involves preparation in English of news bulletins, commentaries and talks for translation into Siamese. Wide cultural and preferably academic background is essential. Candidates should also possess some news sense and/or news experience, as well as particular knowledge of Siam and general interest in Far East as a whole. Knowledge of Siamese is not essential but successful candidate must be willing to take up study of Siamese language with aim of acquiring sufficient working knowledge to check accuracy of translations. Starting salary £680, rising by £45 to £995 maximum, but should a candidate without a working knowledge of Siamese be selected, initial appointment may be made with a starting salary of £610, rising by £40 to £890 maximum with prospect of later promotion. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days marked "Siamese P.O., N. Stm." For acknowledgement enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London).—Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Geography with special reference to Regional and Economic Geography. Salary scale £600–£1,150 per annum with superannuation benefits and family allowances. Starting salary according to qualifications. Applications, which should be accompanied by the names of three referees, should be received not later than April 18, 1950, by the Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2., from whom further particulars may be obtained.

NORFOLK County Council. Appointment of Mental Health Worker. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Mental Health Worker (female) on APT Grade II (£420 x £15–£465) of the National Scale. The person appointed will be on the staff of the County Medical Officer and attached to the Mental Health Section. The duties of the appointment will be in connection with the Council's schemes under Section 51 and Section 28 of the National Health Service Act, 1946. Applicants should hold a social science diploma or certificate and should have had experience in social work, including visiting and care of persons suffering from mental illness and of mental defectives. A knowledge of handicraft work with mental defectives would be an advantage. Ability to drive a car is essential and travelling allowances will be paid in accordance with the Council's Scale. Further information and forms of application may be obtained from the County Medical Officer, 29 Thorpe Road, Norwich, to whom applications must be submitted not later than April 8, 1950.

FERTILISERS. Departmental Manager wanted. Permanent progressive position. Salary and share of profits. Excellent opportunity for likeable personality with initiative, perseverance capable acting own responsibility. English and foreign languages, preferably French, German; intimate personal connections, thorough experience International Trade Organic and Chemical Fertilisers essential. Applications will be kept strictly confidential. Write Mr. M. Lerner, Director, J. C. Gilbert, Ltd., Columbia House, London, W.C.2.

ADVERTISEMENT Manager for an old established monthly art journal. Favourable terms and scope for great development. Apply by letter giving particulars of experience, etc. to Box 5874.

COLLINS the Publishers have vacancy for young man (preferably University) as Assistant Publicity Manager. Acquaintance with book and newspaper world essential. Salary by arrangement. Write Publicity Manager, 14 St. James's Place, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

THE Institute of Personnel Management is proceeding to appoint a full-time Director. The Institute is an independent association of practising personnel officers, working in co-operation with the British Institute of Management. Its two principal objects are to increase the knowledge and competence of its members, and to promote and develop personnel management. Desirable qualifications are (a) a degree or equivalent professional qualifications; (b) knowledge of industrial relations and personnel practice; (c) experience in industry or commerce; (d) administrative experience. Salary £1,500 per year for a person with these qualifications, otherwise a period of training at a somewhat reduced salary may be offered. Applications, giving all necessary details, marked Confidential, to Dr. C. H. Northcott, Institute of Personnel Management, Management House, Hill St., London, W.1.

ESSEX County Council. Assistant House Mothers required for work in small Homes for boys and girls of mixed ages. Candidates should have training or some experience of work with children and should be able to join in their activities and interests. Practical ability in household duties is also required. It is not at present possible to consider for these posts candidates who would wish to have their own children with them. Minimum salary £247 less valuation of full residential emoluments. Enquiries to The Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

INTERNATIONAL Children's Village, Switzerland, wants this summer for British House (12-16 orphans) married houseparents 25-40 years. Husband experienced educationist. Also woman help for school and household. English mother tongue. German or French desirable. Permanent posts. Salaries Houseparent approx 6,000 Swiss francs p.a. house help approx. 1,800 Swiss francs, with teaching qualifications approx. 3,500. All plus full board. Send stamped foolscap envelope for application form to British Pestalozzi Children's Village Assoc., 1 Park Crescent, London, W.1.

JEWISH Board of Guardians requires State Registered nurse for Women's Convalescent Home, Walton-on-the-Naze, Essex (40 women). View promotion to Sister-in-Charge (80 patients) when new wing opens midsummer. Salary according to qualifications with full residential emoluments. Excellent quarters. Apply with full particulars to The Secretary, 127, Middlesex St., Bishopsgate, London, E.1.

HOUSE-mother, experienced, required for children 5 to 7. Salary £175 p.a. x £15 to £250 p.a. plus full residential emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Road, S.W.16.

CHILDREN'S Hostel. Third Worker needed for 12 girls (school age). Post suitable students needing exp. with problem children. Must be Church of England. Superintendent, 44 Forest Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

TO those interested in children, temporary posts in Home-Service are offered to those having contacts particularly in the Counties of Derby, Essex, Hereford, Shropshire or Wilts. Own car necessary as country districts have to be visited to find homes for children's summer holidays. Salary offered and expenses paid. Box 5827.

PERSONAL Secretary required by Managing Director of small progressive engineering firm in West End of London. Essential qualifications are shorthand speed 120 and Left-Wing sympathies. Knowledge of engineering quite unnecessary. Interest in the Arts greatly welcomed. Informal, tolerable, working conditions. Good salary offered. Box 5378.

HOLIDAY job offered to private car owner willing to assist with the running of house parties. Young professional people. April 1-13. Box 5945.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BRITISH citizen, Vienna-born, looking for interesting part-time occupation evenings, not interfering with full-time managerial position. 6 languages, reading, writing, translating. Widely travelled, business, newspaper experience. Excellent references. Remuneration, if interesting work, of secondary importance. Box 5178.

PART-time appointment or home work required by exp. shd. typist, knowledge German, French. Own typewriter. Box 5105.

YOUNG woman, 1st class education, seeks job Colonies. Experience catering, welfare, literary, riding, typing. Welcome suggestions. Box 5109.

YOUNG man, 26, fluent French, business and administrative exp., travelled, with intimate acquaintance with Switzerland, seeks interesting post, preferably where he can exercise his love of the Arts. Box 5215.

ADMINISTRATIVE post, London area, sought by qualified executive. Present position with industrial consultancy being severed on own initiative. Experienced, wide range of industries; policy, administration, organisation, marketing, factory management. Specialist knowledge, progressive labour relations practice. Changing solely to secure settled post with progressive firm. Age 48. Box 5299.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker. Shortly relinquishing Wardenship Boys' Club seeks fresh appointment. Residential or non-residential. Organising and administrative ability, public speaker, conversant with statutory and voluntary trends in youth work. Wide interests. Practical exp., no diplomas/degrees. Box 5203.

CAMBRIDGE man Grad. (2nd cl. Hons. in Arts) shs. interesting job. Box 5059.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—*continued*

ASSISTANT to M.P.; author Lit./editl. work. Yng. lady, ambitious, conscientious. Good qual., exp., seeks job. Box 5807.

SOCIAL Science dipl., lady, middle-aged, exp. in social work, shs. non-res. post (full, pt. time) London. Box 5218.

INTELLIGENT, tactful secretary (26) desires post private secretary with opportunity travel, pref. U.S.A. Foreign lang., own typewriter. Best refs. Box 5221.

MAN, 34, experienced retail trading, city, country, seeks change from good but frustrating job. Conscientious, trustworthy, married; can drive. Box 5273.

YOUNG woman B.Sc. Sociology (Hons.) exec. exper., typing, fluent Italian, driving, seeks interesting work; secretarial, admin., social, children or other. Box 5290.

WILL someone help man, undergoing course of analysis, obtain work London near. Recommendations. Flair for letter-writing; cooking, secl./clerical work, driving. Box 5153.

YOUNG lady seeks cultural work where extensive knowledge music and wide secretarial experience will be used to advantage. Highest refs. Box 5581.

CAMBRIDGE woman graduate, French, German, Swedish, shorthand-typing, seeks responsible position, London. Box 5349.

TRANSLATOR, 25, male, French, German, Dutch, Scandinavian languages, editorial experience, seeks responsible full-time position. Box 5142.

LADY (40) reqs. post w. prospects. Exp. acct., shorthand, export, langs. Box 5198.

YNG. woman (10) intell. etc. 5 yrs. with leading literary man, avail. all Mons. & Thurs./Fri. morns. as pers. sec. Box 5202.

STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Applications are invited for the Hoover Postgraduate Studentship in Physics Chemistry, Engineering or an allied subject, tenable from October 1, 1950, for two years. The Studentship, which is of the value of £415 a year, is open to both Internal and External Graduates of the University (students taking their Final Examination in June, 1950, are not eligible). Applications (on a prescribed form) must reach the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than April 1, 1950.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

UNFURN. top-floor flat to let; 2 rms., bath, kitchenette; S.E.23, £156 p.a. incl. ch.w., etc. Ir., use gdn. Additional very lge. rm. next floor, £52 p.a. extra. Box 5228.

SWISS Cottage: Newly decorated fur. divan-sit.; cooking facils., 'phone, garden, bath, linen. Prof. gent. £2 5s. Box 4586.

SINGLE bed-sitting room to let. Nr. Baker St. station. Use of bathroom and kitchen if required. Central heating, constant hot water. £2 6s. weekly. Box 5116.

LARGE, comfortable bed-sitting-room, W.1. Suit student or professional. 3½gns. inc. bkfast., service. Box 5156.

DOUBLE room furnished. 35s. each. 'Phone CHI. 3308, Ferguson (evenings).

TO let; beautifully furn. room and garage in Hampstead Gdn. Sub. SPE. 7641.

COMFORTABLE large bed-sitting room, nicely furnished, use bathroom, telephone. HEN. 8083.

AN inexpensive pied-à-terre in well-kept house near Harrods for single gentleman. McFie, 8 Beaufort Gdns., Knightsbridge, S.W.3 Ken. 4367.

ARMY Officer (N.S. & N. reader with large house) offers bed-sitting room and bathroom, partial board, garage, to P.G. penchant family life. Camberley 618. Box 5761.

GIPSY Caravan. Hants. Sea-bathing, sailing. June-October. Box 5306.

NEW Forest, near Avon. Furnished holiday bungalow on private wooded hillside. Comfort; delightful views and surroundings. Also large caravan on adjacent site. Mrs. Vize, Blissford, Fordingbridge, Hants.

TO let: Berkeley Ambassador de Luxe shower, hot water, 3 sep. rooms, Calor gas, double beds Dunlopillo mattresses, inside w.c. 24ft. long Caravan situated in Bird Sanctuary 17 miles from Kings Cross. Box 5753.

SWEDEN (Gothenburg); large mod. furn. Villa, gar., own grounds; to let June 1-Sept. 1. Seven gns. weekly. Box 5152.

DELIGHTFUL all-electric cottage on cliff N. Cornwall. 5 miles Padstow. Sandy bay, golf. Glorious Atlantic views. 5 bedrooms, 2 recep., kit., bathroom, etc. To let furn. part April-May, 6gns. p.w. First half June 10gns. p.w. References essential. Miss R. S. Hubback, 19 Wellgarth Rd. London, N.W.11.

EXCHANGE London flat W.10. 5 rooms, kitchen, bath, £110 p.a. for 3-room flat S.C. easy reach Hammersmith. Box 5114.

ALMONER & B.Sc. (Econ.) desiring to marry, req. flat W., N.W./centl. London, from about June. Willesden 3933. Box 5256.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

4-ROOMED unfurn. maisonette, kit., bathroom, rent £115 p.a., no premium, Kensington, offered in exchange for 3-roomed unfurn. flat, lower rent. Box 5230.

WANTED pied-à-terre in London in exchange for same Edinburgh, occasional visits, hols., festival, partics. sent. Box 5181.

UNIV. grad. & wife desire flat, preferably furn. London area. Box 5219.

YNG. Architect urgently reqs. unfurn. flat within ½ hr. Charing X. Box 5167.

WOMAN teacher, painting, travel, 27, wants furn./unfurn. flat/rm. pref. with people sim. age, interests. WEM. 2731.

UNIV. lecturer wants 3-4 rm. furn. flat Lond. for long vac. (all/most June-Sept. inc.) 1 child, not destructive. Box 5573.

AUSTRALIAN Industrial Design Student reqs. studio accom. & cons. Box 5171.

SENIOR Civil Servant on junior salary needs unfurnished accommodation, urgently, London. Rent £130 per annum. Box 5272.

GOOD rent would be paid for large partly-furnished service room, S.W.1, W.1, or W.C.1. Box 5829.

LAKE District—comfortable summer holiday accommodation required in Lake District. Box 5245.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club (for all nationalities). Lectures, Debates, Brains Trusts, Language Groups, Art Circle, Music Circle, Dramatic Group, Dances, Table Tennis, Foreign Tours, Sport, Rambles, etc. Sub. 21gns. p.a. Club Centre Marble Arch. Details from: 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (HOL. 5088.)

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

SAVE Britain's Wild Animals by subscribing to the L.A.C.S. Million Shilling Fund. Send yours to-day. Sec. (N) League Against Cruel Sports, 58 Maddox Street, London, W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20, of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

GRAMOPHONE records wanted. Best prices paid for second-hand records. Orchestral or vocal; classical or dance music. Foyles, 121 Charing Cross Rd. W.C.2.

MEMORY: Use Mnemonicons for platform, stage, study, daily routine. Apply for The Gigantic Device, 5s. (Mnemo, Room 22 (NSN), 3 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1).

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

EYESIGHT—those interested in the Bates method of visual re-education and sight-training can obtain particulars from the Bates Practitioners Association, 10 Harcourt House, 19a Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

MONOMARK Service. Permanent London Address. Letters redirected. Confidential. 5s. p.a. Royal patronage. Write Monomark, BCM/MONO12, W.C.1.

RELIABLE B.C. requisites for women. Streatham Surgical Stores, 231 High Road, S.W.16. 'Phone STR. 2653.

AVOID furs got by torture; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd. London, S.W.10. Funds are needed.

ALL Leather Brief Cases. Brown. Superb quality and craftsmanship. Size 15in.× 11in. with 2 straps & triple lock. One pocket each 32s. 6d. Two pockets each 45s. Three pockets each 62s. 6d. Document Cases. Brown. Size 15in.×10½in. with 2½in. zip. (a) All leather 20s. each. (b) Real hide 32s. 6d. each. Tax and post free. Money back guarantee. Premier Drapery Co. (Dept. 70), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

BARGAINS in Parachutes. 1, Each panel 36in. at base tapering to 3in. & 132in. long. (a) Pure White Heavy English Silk, 2 panels 17s. 6d., 4 panels 32s. 6d., 8 panels 60s.; (b) Cream Egyptian Cotton, 2 panels 10s., 4 panels 17s. 6d., 8 panels 32s. 6d. (c) Primrose Nylon 7s. panel. 2, White or Cream Cambric, 12 panels, each 20in.×60in., Whole Parachute 12s. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 49), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., London, N.16.

SHAVE without feeling the Blade! "I never thought it possible," writes B.H. of Bracknell, "until I used 'Razorglide' Pre-Shaving Lotion. Yet [illegible] old stubble came off so clean and easily [illegible] d to feel my face to know I'd shaved." [illegible] d to-day for 2s. 6d. bottle. Sole Distributor, U.K. Finch, Dept. N.S., Wellington Rd. Sandhurst, Camberley.

SMOKE To your heart's content. The perfect Herbal Smoking Mixture is Heath & Heather's No. 64. It costs 1s. 8d. per 4oz packet and is a blend of finest quality British herbs. Send 1s. 8d. for a packet of No. 64 to Heath & Heather, Ltd., Dept. No. C.23, Herb Specialists, St. Albans. A catalogue of all Heath & Heather's noted Herb remedies will also be sent on request.

PERSONAL

LADY, retired, wants permanent house with vegetarian food reformers, comfortable room, good food, giving some help considered. Southern Counties. Box 5071.

WRITER wishes rent rms. cottage N. Cornwall pref. Padstow area July-Sept. Could exchange London flat if wanted. Box 5168.

IMPECUNIOUS Author non-best-sellers has stipend sufficient for food while writing next novel. Offers of shelter, him & wife, Engl./continent? Own linens, etc. Box 5205.

ASSISTANT required, months July-Sept, private mountain hostel. Light duties and simple cooking in exch. keep & pocket money. Beautiful surroundings. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work, Sygun, Pawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales.

PROF. woman seeks partnership with another in country business. Box 5364.

WELL-educated young German lady wishing perfect knowledge of English seeks home with good English family as pair. Details on application. Box G 884, c/o Streets, 110 Old Bread Street, London, E.C.2.

HOLIDAY exchange, Aug. 2-4 weeks, detached house, 5 bedrooms, Henley-on-Thames, for accommodation 5 within cycling distance of sea. Box 5264.

MARRIED couple invited join caravan holiday by car South of France early May. Write BM/AFNY, W.C.1.

COUPLE, fluent French but no car, seek couple with car but no French, going S. France June. Share expenses. Box 5089.

BACHELOR, 34, seeks companion (m.) for motor tour to Italy via Mediterranean coast about six weeks starting London about end July. Expenses shared. Box 5166.

WILL youngish couple join us in 3-week private car trip to Riviera in May. Share smallish expenses. 1950 car. Box 5076.

MALE, 31, sqlc., Medical Student shs. male companion for inexpensive 10 days' hol., July. Would welc. suggestions. Box 5425.

CONTINENTAL Motoring Camping Hol. 4th person wtd. aged 25/35 join party of 3. July 22-Aug. 8. Share exps. Box 5364.

ARE you interested in becoming tenant or manager of small pig-farm, 23 acres, in home counties? Adjoining children's camp. Box 5140.

FOR sale: 70ft. houseboat. Unique mooring Chiswick Mall. Fully equpd. Mod. conv. inc. elec., h.w., tel. Sleep 6. Lately recondit. Gdn. space. Nearest offer £2,000. CHI. 5840.

BERTHS, sailing tuition and cruising on West Coast Brittany or home waters offered by owner small yacht: £10 p.w., vin non comprit. Box 4867.

EDUCATED French girl desires home in English family, school, or college for three months approx. from June, to improve English. Would give French lessons or help with children in return. Box 5115.

STUDENTS contemplating proceeding to the United States for educational purposes during summer 1950 should consult immediately the National Union of Students Travel Dept., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, for details concerning the exceptionally advantageous facilities for movement to the U.S.A., which it disposes.

FREE Holidays to Schoolmasters only! If you can get together your own party of boys for summer holiday in Switzerland, your own holiday will be free. The cost to the boys is reasonable and includes excellent food and accommodation, sports, excursions, and return travel. Box 5613.

HOLIDAYS in French families and groups with/without tours. 300-800 f./day (value twice) or exchange visits. Non-profit m. assocn. Relations, 14 rue du Garet, Lyons, France.

CRUISING on Canals. An Adventure. Fine cruisers for 2-6 people. Choice of lovely routes. Houseboat and motorboat. Canal Cruising Co., Ltd., Stone, Staffs.

PARIS by air with Theatres, tours, "night-life." Personally conducted parties leave every week from April 5. Individual tastes provided for. Charges from £18 10s. Theatre Holiday Plan, 77 Dean St., W.1.

MENSA is a society for people who are very bright, brilliantly clever, highly intelligent. Particulars from the Secretary, Upwood House, Caterham, Surrey.

15yrs. Easter. 9 days at Thonon, Lake Geneva, for Students and young people. C. Rackett, Lynton, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

FRENCH: Expert tuition by bilingual Oxford M.A. Box 5092.

GERMAN for your holidays. A concise course for people with some previous knowledge. Also English for foreigners. Dr. E. B., 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

THE "advanced" Standard Lamp and Working Table featured in this month's House and Garden Book, Ideal Home, and on Television, are made by Primavera of Sloane Street. SLOane 5779, to your order.

EASTER Tour. Five-day social study of the S. Wales Development, and Black Mountains N.P., Areas. Experts lecture evenings, coach tours by day. April 8-11, housed at Dunraven Castle, incl. charge £5 17s. 6d. Ethical Union, 42 Inverness Place, W.2.

PERSONAL—*continued*

AUTHORS with new books in the Spring Lists will need Portraits by John Vickers for Press and Editorial reproduction. An appointment is essential. VIC. 4915, 25B Belgrave Rd. S.W.1.

SHEILA Robertson, pupil of Nadia Boulanger, teaching, piano, sol-fège, dictation and elementary harmony. 106 Beaufort St., S.W.3. Flaxman 6310.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

YOUNG lady teaches French, Italian, German, Engl. Universities Edinburgh, Paris, Leipzig, Rome. Ideal fees. Weekends also. Mrs. Holden, 62 St. George's Drive, S.W.1.

VOCATIONAL guidance; marriage guidance; character delineation. Uncertain about your future? Consult J. N. Naylor, 72 George St., W.1. WEL. 5182.

ACCENT and Dialect eliminated. Gladys Nyren, L.R.A.M. (Speech and Drama), 5 Antrim Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 1369.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kilkerston, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. 17 Irving St., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns. N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Burchan, Ware 32.

A CONVERSATIONAL Holiday in France or Devon. Limited number of vacancies. Also French, German, Italian, Spanish Day or Evening Classes. Private lessons in all languages. Prospectus free: Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., 10 Portman St., W.1. May. 4640.

INEXPENSIVE escorted tours Switzd., Siena, Verona, Venice, Florence, Chamonix. S.Co. Tours, Aarlegy, Switzerland.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol (Seefeld), July 30-August 13. Golf, new Gymnasium (Salzburg). August 13-26, £27 incl. fare. E. Beer, c/o Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

CORSICA—L'Isle de Beauté. The ideal summer holiday—exciting, inexpensive, quite out of the ordinary—has been devised by the Camp de l'Horizon for people who appreciate the wonderful climate, natural beauty, and perfect freedom of this truly enchanted island. Excellent food, swimming, boating, excursions, congenial companionship. Write, phone or call: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4 (City 7163-4).

MR. C. RACKETT'S Easter holidays for children again at Bournemouth. Lynton, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

BEAUTIFUL Corsica. Club Olympic of Paris will re-open their well-known Holiday Camp in Calvi on June 10. Book now! Pountrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

SPRINGTIME in Paris. Make the most of Spring sun and feel "at home" "Chez Vous" offers you a friendly welcome and a delightful stay. Small informal parties at incl. charges. From London. Pountrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Pl. London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

WEEK-END house parties. London dances. For full prog. write/'phone: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. Hol. 5831.

THE National Union of Students Travel Department, has pleasure in announcing its biggest programme of summer tours since the war. Tours to Europe's greatest centres (Salzburg, Lucerne, Edinburgh, Oberammergau) riding, sailing, walking, climbing and lazing, from Helsinki to Lisbon, from Paris to Vienna. Also study tours of the U.S.A. Tour fees from £12 upwards. Many tours include air travel without increase over 3rd-class rail fares. Further details from N.U.S. Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

WAYFARERS Holiday Centres Abroad include Austrian Tyrol 17 days £37 13s., Belgium, Ostend 8 days £16 5s., France, Nice 17 days £49 4s. 6d., Germany, Bavaria & Oberammergau 15 days £45 19s. 6d., Italy, Lake Garda & Venice 15 days £45 15s., Switzerland, Montreux 16 days £42 5s., and many other inclusive tours. Illustrated programme. The Wayfarers Travel Agency, Ltd. (Est. 1920), 33, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

OBERAMMERGAU, Salzburg Festival combined 17-day holiday; small party and individual arrangements. Always Travel, 20 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2. TEMple Bar 8702.

EASTER holidays are here again! Have a real break and join an informal house party of young and youngish professional people, near London and the sea. Tennis, bathing, riding, walks, dancing. Full details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, Lnd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

WHERE TO STAY

AT Bureot, near Oxford, winter is mild and you will be warm, comfortable and well fed at Croft House Hotel. Central heating. Fishing, tennis (hard court), billiards. Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

TONICS have a temporary effect, but when you have been ill try Old Piers Hearth, nr. Bear Gardens. Comforts, entertaining, good food and country air will make you fit again. Club licence. Sharpethorne 17.

WEST Sussex. Woodfold Private Hotel, Fernhurst, offers increased accommodation to those seeking comfort & good food in beautiful surroundings. Special holiday terms until June. Postal address and station: Haslemere, Surrey. Fernhurst 2764.

HOMELY holiday accommodation for Easter and Summer in beautiful country with magnificent sea views near Pendine Sands, and on bus routes to Carmarthen and Tenby. Extensive grounds, tennis, billiards, own produce and honey. Friendly party welcomed. Terms £5 5s. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carmarthenshire. Telephone Laugharne 255.

FARM holidays with farmhouse food and friendliness. Fishing, shooting, climbing, golfing to taste. Sixty-four pages of holiday suggestions. Apply for our 1950 brochure. O.S.A. Tours, 74 Causeyside St., Paisley.

HOLIDAYS at the "Haven Guest House," New St., Torrington, Devon. Personal attention. Good food. Comf. beds. Lovely garden. Good centre for tours. Reas. terms.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country nr. Easthourne. Own prod. Comfy beds. 2 acres gdn. Ideal for Spring hol. Broch: Tc Wbase Hotel, Horam.

FORGET your troubles and spend Easter at The Manor, Duddleswell, Ashdown Forest. Theone Nutley 2.

CORNWALL (South) Guest House with quiet friendly atmosphere, nearest residence to Kennack Sands. Near to Cadgwith, Mullion, The Lizard, Coverack and Helford River. Magnificent sea views, safe sandy beach approx. 5 mins. Vacancies except Aug. Write Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor.

BOURNEMOUTH (Boscombe). Small guest house near sea. H. & C. gas fires, ordinary & vegetarian diets. Smith & Bailey, Court Green, Glen Rd. Tel. Boscombe 33621.

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 5ll delightful hotels, inns, etc., in Devon and Cornwall, described and recommended in unique "Bide-a-While Book." Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

PYRENEES. Few guests received from Easter in beautifully situated country house near Pau. Write Mme. Dauzan, Château de Balagué, Rébénacq, B. Pyr., France.

CORNISH fishing village, S.W. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Good food. Lt. Cmndr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

STUDLAND, Dorset. Old-World Guest House in 12 acres lovely grounds facing sea. Ideal for early Spring holiday. Golf, riding. Booking Easter, Whitsun, Summer. Illus. brochure from BCM/Studland, Lnd., W.C.1.

HOLIDAYS, Honeymoon or Home. Board residence in Surrey Highlands. One mile from Farnham. From 4gns. week. "Clutha," Lower Bourne, Farnham. (Frensham 293.)

BRONTE Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. Moorhead walks, dietary interest, comfort, good Yorkshire fare. Hot and cold water in bedrooms, good fires.

PIER View, Steyne, Bognor Regis. Gd. table and tastefully furnished. Ideal for a real holiday. Bed & c., every comfort and conv. Children welcomed, half price. Terms from 3½gns. to 6gns. accdng. to season. Central.

EIRE: Mountain View Hotel, Dugort, Achill Island, Co. Mayo. Ideally situated 'midst mountain and sea; safe bathing; excellent catering. Terms £5 5s. Mrs. S. H. Hoban.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 4½-5gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

YEALAND Manor, nr. Carnforth, Country house in lovely setting. Modern comf. Easy reach Lakes and sea. Illustrated brochure.

VEGETARIANS & diet reformers are invited to our small but very comf. guest house. Morris, "Sans Dunky," Teignharvey, Nr. Shaldon, Teignmouth. Tel. Shaldon 179.

SWANAGE. The Chatsworth Private Hotel, Ulwell Rd., is pleasantly situated 300 yds. from the sea, and has all modern conveniences. Children welcomed. 'Phone 2223.

CAPEL Court Riding Week-ends, 3 to 3½ guineas, including riding. Hunting by arrangement. Apply Capel Court, Capel-le-Ferne, Folkestone 3461111.

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, St. Minver, N. Cornwall. 16th century Manor overlooking Camel Estuary. Easy reach golfing, surfing, boating. Produce from own farm. 4½ to 7gns. Write for brochure M.

SOCIALIST Guest House in beautiful Ribble Valley (Lancs). Good plentiful food. Putting, tennis, croquet, archery, etc. Ideal for small conferences. Stpd. env. for brochure "Clarion House," Clayton-le-Dale, nr. Blackburn.

VEGETARIAN Country Club high up in Surrey. Thinkers' rendezvous. Generous meals. Upwood House, Caterham. Tel. 3633.

LONDON, 124 Sutherland Ave., Maida Vale. Bed, breakfast, dinner (12s. 6d. daily incl.), h. & c., gas fires, all rms. Tennis. Reduced terms perm. residents. Tel. CUN. 2554.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

"ASHLEY Courtenay Recommended." A hallmark of reliability. The 1950 edition of "Let's Halt Awhile in Britain" describes some 500 of his recommended hotels in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and Channel Isles. Now available 7s. 6d. from your bookseller or 8s. with postage from Ashley Courtenay, 3rd Floor, 68 St. James's St., S.W.1.

CHILDREN from 2 to 7 years welcomed and Cared for in country home surroundings. White, Box Wood, nr. Stevenage, Herts.

SWANAGE, Dorset; comfortable accommodation in Georgian house. 4 mins. from sea. Good food. Terms 5 guineas. Breakfast, tea, dinner and extras. Lunch 2s. 6d. if required. Mrs. Haines, Magnolia House, High St.

ST. Leonards-on-Sea, superior guest house, surrounded own glorious gardens. French cuisine. Children supervised. Baby-sitter engaged. terms. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd.

ISLE of Wight. Guest House by the Sea, 23 acres (5 reserved for children), optional, fresh water pool) H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation; for ladies and families. Brochure (stamp) from Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.O.W.

SPRING Flowers and Lovely woodlands at Big Wood Holiday Camp, Radley, Berks. Small Camp in beautiful surroundings. Near Oxford. Excellent food. Constant hot water. 4½gns. per week. Write for Illustrated Brochure. Fully booked July 1-8 and July 29-Aug. 5.

RYE (near). Country cottage offer holiday accommodation paying guests. Farm produce. Moderate terms. Grahame James, The Mill, Iden, Sussex. Tel. Iden 205.

GURST house in the Thaxted country. A very pleasant farm holiday with excellent cooking, poultry, eggs and cream. Regretfully, no children. 6 & 7 guineas weekly. Freeman's Farm, Thaxted. Tel. Thaxted 324.

FOLKESTONE, Haydon Hse., 16 Bournemouth Rd. Close sea, golf links. Slumberland beds. Sep. tables. From 5gns. p.w. inc.

DEVON & Cornwall. May terms from £4-5 week incl. Free illustrated brochure 18: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish (Tel. 2151).

COTSWOLD Country Club, Brockhampton Park, Nr. Cheltenham, for your holidays, honeymoon or rest cure. Magnificent mansion with modern facilities. Excellent cuisine in oak panelled dining hall. Cocktail bar, dancing, tennis, riding, billiards. H. & C. in all rooms, sprung mattresses. Write for brochure B.

HIGHFIELD Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers beautiful views, comfort and friendly atmosphere. Conferences, parties catered for. Vegans welcome. Anne Horner and Beatrice Farnsworth. Tel. 588.

APPLEBY, Westmorland, Gartbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Fishing. Golf. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

SWITZERLAND. Hotel Pension, overlooking Lake of Thun, glacier views, modern comfort, excellent cuisine, English spoken; direct journey. From 4 guines daily all inclusive; reduced rates, Apl. & May. Box 5120.

DEVON. Ayshford House, Sampford Peverell, Nr. Tiverton. Easy access either coast. Quiet holiday private house 5 aspect. Gdn., orchards. Max. 4 guests. Own sitg. rm.

FOLKESTONE. 2 minutes from Leas. Comfortable house in beautiful surroundings. Spend your holidays on the Kent coast. Open all the year round. Terms moderate. Write 10 Augusta Gardens. 'Phone 2952.

RIVINGTON Hotel. Modern amenities, gdn, prod. Eggs. Cromwell Rd., Hove 331061.

BIDE-A-WHILE Hotel, Port Gaverne, North Cornwall. For your Spring vacation. One visit and you return. Port Isaac 218.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Modn furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

TYE Rock Hotel, Porthleven, S. Cornwall. Sea air, warm sunshine, good fare. A.A. recommended. Write for tariff.

OWNERS of country house with central heating, modern amenities, Riviera climate, give personal attention to limited number of guests. Walled gardens, farmery, 3 mins. unspoilt Cornish Bay. Box 4030.

S. DEVON. Valley of Primroses nr. best coast line. Early season reductions, summer vacancies. A. Perry, Ciara Mill, Slapton.

CORNWALL. "Sennen Cove Hotel," Land's End, overlooking sea and glorious sands; h. & c., every amenity; double, 6gns. each till July 15, single 7gns. (Sennen 275.)

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food, soft beds, a warm hotel; radiators and hot water in every bedroom. Apply: Proprietor.

BOGNOR. Quiet Guest House. Good food, home comfort. Several sit.-rooms, pleasant gdn. "Widworthy," Sylvan Way. Tel. 550.

S. DEVON. Guests welcomed old-world country house, overlg. sea nr. Dartmouth. White Ladies. Stoke Fleming. Phone 246.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Lovely country house. Every modern convenience. All beds interior sprng. 15 acres grounds. Best cuisine. Among Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Fishing, hunting. Golf at Rock (St. Enodoc). Open all year. Mildest climate in Britain. Excellent for motorists. Spring is now at its best. From 4gns. Port Isaac 234.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats., Sat. 2.30 until May 3, thereafter Weds. Sats. 2.30. Seats bookable through principal agents.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. Mon.) Sc. & Sun. 5 & 8. "The Provoked Wife." Members.

UNITY. "How I Wonder," Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Assoc. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244, Sun., Mar. 26th, 7.30: "Le Secret de Mayerling" (A).

LONDON Film Club. Membership 5s. per annum. Next programmes: April 1, Shoulder Arms (Chaplin), La Grande Illusion (Renoir); April 13, La Passion De Jeanne D'Arc (Dreyer); April 29, Animal Crackers (Marx Bros.), Espoir (Malraux). Marx Bros.-Preston Sturges Comedy Festival forthcoming. Membs. only. Pars: Sec., 14 Forty Lane, Wembley.

NEW Era Film Club; applications for membership from individuals and organisations invited, 2s. 6d. per year. Next programme: Friday, March 31, 7.45 p.m. Send s.a.e. Alec Miller, 40a Hermon Hill, E.11.

WIGMORE Hall, Sat., March 25 at 7 p.m. "Queen of Spades," Opera by Tchaikovsky—concert version arr. by V. Aksarova. Tkts., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d.

SOUTH Pl. Sunday Concerts. Mar. 26, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. London String Trio. James Whitehead (Garsha): Bach, Art of Fugue. Adm. 1s.

THE London Symphony Orchestra, Ltd. (in assocn. with A.C. Gt. B.) presents Josef Krips conducting London Symphony Orchestra. Soloist Ruth Fermoy. Sunday Evg., March 26, at 7.30. Royal Albert Hall. Overture, "Leonora No. 3," Beethoven. Piano Concerto in A minor, Schumann. "Till Eulenspiegel," Strauss. Symphony No. 6 ("Pathetique"), Tchaikovsky. (Management: Harold Holt, Ltd.). Popular prices, 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d.; Chappell's (May. 7600), Agents, and R.A.H. (Ken. 8212).

ORIANA Madrigal Society. Conductor Charles Kennedy Scott. Wigmore Hall, Tues. next, at 7. Madrigals, Ayres, Ballets, Motets, Part Songs, etc. by Byrd, Palestrina, Tomkins, Dowland, Morley, Holst, Vaughan Williams, etc. Recorder Duets: Carl Dolmetsch and Edgar Hunt. 9s., 6s., 3s., from the Hall (Wel. 2141), or Eric Whittemore, 21 Northside, S.W.4.

HOLY Trinity Church, Brompton, S.W.7. Renaissance Singers: Director Michael Howard. Thurs., March 30, at 7.30 p.m. Palestrina Stabat Mater, Tallis Lamentations.

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Sat. March 25, at 7.30 p.m. Admission 1s. 6d. Buffet.

ANGLO-Austrian Dance, with Hilde Lerner singing and Resi Rose playing Austrian Songs and Tunes. Thurs., March 30, 7.30, Kensington Town Hall. Tickets 6s. (Students 3s. 6d.) from Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 High Street, W.8.

EXHIBITIONS

INDIAN Textiles Exhibition at India House, Aldwych. Mar. 17-Apr. 21. Ancient Textiles, Modern Mill and Cottage Industry Products, Cotton, Silk, Woollens, Furnishing Fabrics, Household Linen, Brocade, Jute, Coir, Carpets. Mon.-Sat. 9.30-5 p.m. Adm. free.

LONDON-Paris. New Trends in Painting & Sculpture. 16 artists presented by Inst. of Contemporary Arts. New Burlington Galls., Old Burlington St., W.1. March 8-April 4. Dly. 10-6. Tu., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Julian Trevelyan; Works by Brenda Chamberlain, and Aeply Replicas.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Frederick Gore; English & French Paintings & Drawings. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

"PARIS—Londres": Pictures recently purchased in France by Corot, Monet, Renoir, Bonnard, Vuillard, Utrillo, etc., 9.30-6. Sats. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1.

PAUL Alexander Gallery, Exhib. of Woollen Textiles by Avoca Handweavers from Ireland. 100 Kensington Church St., W.8.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Pictures by Sickert; recent work by Mollie Paxton and Brian Midlane.

RECENT Paintings by Jean Young and Portraits, Landscapes and Still Life by Fritz Kramer. Heal & Son, 196 Tott. Crt. Rd., W.1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Australian Cave Paintings.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing X Rd. W.C.2. Paintings by Michael Stringer. 9-6 dly. (inc. Sats.) until April 1. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th Century, daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

LITTLE Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Gerald Rowe, March 27-April 15, 1950.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Recent Pntgs. by Peter Rose Pulham. Watercolour Drawings & Collages by E. Q. Nicholson. Illus. for Rimbaud's "Une Saison en Enfer": Keith Vaughan. Until Apr. 15.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Recent Acquisitions and works by Yankel Adler. Until April 7. Weekdays 10-5 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

EPSTEIN'S "Lazarus" and new bronzes. Paintings and water-colours by Ethelbert White. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

PEACE Demonstration. Vera Brittain, Rhys Davies, M.P., Emrys Hughes, M.P., Leah Manning, Stuart Morris, Sybil Morrison, Michael Tippett, at Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Monday, March 27, at 8 p.m. Buffet and Bookstall from 6.30. Admission free. Some reserved 2s. 6d. from Central Hall, or the Organiser, Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

W.E.A. London District Rally, School of Economics, 3-10 p.m., Sat., April 1. Professor Barbara Wootton will speak on "The Social Sciences and the Future of Mankind." Dramatic Performances, Dancing. Tickets 2s. 6d. (including tea), from W.E.A., 28 Woburn Sq., W.C.1. MUSeum 5570.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Library, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Mar. 28, M. Joseph-Mitchell (Secretary, League of Coloured Peoples), "Problems of Coloured People." Adm. free. Collection.

THE Humanist Impetus in Politics. Four addresses on the recovery of inspiration in social life: (4) H. J. Blackham: "What is the Humanist committed to in Politics?", Sun., March 26, 6.30, at the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2.

"INCENTIVES and Ideals in an Industrial Society." Course of 3 lectures organised by The Ethical Union. (3) Monday, March 27: H. J. Blackham (General Secretary of The Ethical Union): "Social Ideals and Ends." 7 p.m. in the Library, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Admission Free.

"PROBLEMS of Criminal Justice." A lecture will be given by Geoffrey D. Roberts, O.B.E., K.C., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, Mon. Mar. 27 at 8. Adm. Free.

"RUDOLF Steiner & Goethe." Lecture by L. F. Edmunds at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Tuesday, March 28, 7 p.m.

"SHAW and Dickens," by Jack Lindsay. (Chair: Esme Percy), Shaw Soc., 57 Dean St., W.1, March 31, 7 p.m., 1s. 6d. Apr. 28: Constance Cummings on "St. Joan."

TOYNBEE Shakespeare Guild, 28 Commercial St. E.1. Sat. Apr. 1, at 3, Clement McCallin on "Much Ado About Nothing." Nonmems. 1s. 6d. Membership invited.

JOHN Stewart Collis on "The Autobiographical Element in Fiction," March 31 at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, at 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

"ASTROLOGY, Psychology, and Nuclear Physics, 3 Aspects of Hermetic Wisdom in the New Age." On Thurs., April 6, Dr. Rosenthall will lecture on this subject in Room 17, Caxton Hall. All welcome, Admission Free.

ADLERIAN Society Individual Psychology Lecture. "The Importance of Social Interest," by James Hemming, B.A.(Lit.), Thurs. March 30, 8 p.m. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Secy., Reginald Stamp, 32 Platts Lane, N.W.3.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sun. Mtg., 11 a.m. Mar. 26: Professor J. Bronowski, M.A., Ph.D., "The Place of Science in Ethics." Adm. free.

KENSINGTON Fabian Society: Annual General Meeting on Monday, March 27 at 8.15 p.m. at 37 Gloucester Walk, W.8.

HUNGARIAN Cultural Institute, 22 Manchester Square, W.1, D. N. Pritt, K.C. on "The Constitution of the Hungarian People's Republic." Wed., March 29, 8 p.m.

LINGUISTS' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. April 1 at 6 p.m. Herr R. Müller-Hartmann: "Johann Sebastian Bach."

EXPERIMENT & Experience: Realism in Russian Literature from Chekhov to Sholokhov. Lecture by Eleanor Fox; Readings by Catherine Salkeld, George Bishop. Tues. Mar. 28, 7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

A.I.A., 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Lecture, "Cleaned Pictures," by H. Ruhemann (Nat. Gallery). Th., March 30, 8 p.m.

YUGOSLAVIA: The Truth. Public Meeting, Assembly Room, Central Hall, Westminster, 7.30 p.m., Thurs., March 30. Speakers: Norman Dodds, M.P., John Parker, M.P., and other Labour M.P.s who visited Yugoslavia in January, 1950. Adm. free. Anglo-Yugoslav Friendship Soc., Hon. Sec. M. Shufeldt, 22 Baydon Ct., Lowndes Sq. S.W.1.

PERSONALIST Group. Dr. T. A. Werner on "The Psycho-analytic Approach to a Personalist Psychology." Tues., March 28, 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., March 30th: Historic Evolution of Religious and Philosophic Thought in India. Place of the Ramakrishna Movement and its Keynote of Synthesis or Harmony. 7.30. All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture Weds., Mch. 29, 6.30, Meditation, Rev. R. G. Coulson.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. March 26: What is Theosophy?

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"PEOPLE at Work." The Present Question Conference, 1950, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, April 13-17. Speakers and Chairmen: John Edwards, Sir Wilfrid Garrett, H. W. Hughes, P. Latham, Prof. C. A. Macc, John A. Mack, John Marsh, Howard Marshall, Prof. S. F. Nadel, Dr. J. H. Oldham, Mrs. W. Raphael, Dr. A. Torries, H. Westmann. Enqs. Secretariat: 37 Middleway, London, N.W.11.

INDIVIDUAL Psychology. A week-end (non-residential) Conference in Individual Psychology (Adler) will be held in Windsor, Fri. 14-Sun. 16 April, 1950. Fee for all lectures 10s. Full parties, from the Conference Secretary, 10 Pesaced Street, Windsor, Berks.

SURREY College of Music. (Southern Music Training Centre, Ltd.) "Fitzneills," Ewell, Surrey. President: Sir Arnold Bax. Vacation Course and Reunion—Easter, 1950. (April 12-14 inclusive.) For School Music Teachers and Others. Lecturers will include: Mr. Ralph Hill, the well-known critic. Mr. Eric Hope, the brilliant young pianist. Mr. Reginald Jevons, Principal, Surrey College of Music. Mr. Stanley Taylor, authority and exponent of early instrumental music. Fee for course £2 2s. Full programme may be had from the Secretary at the above address.

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